

The Outlook

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THE PRESIDENT AND GERMANY

ON Wednesday of last week President Wilson appeared before Congress assembled in joint session to read in person his address reviewing the situation of the controversy between Germany and the United States as to submarine warfare. The occasion was an impressive and memorable one. The galleries were crowded and the two houses of the National Legislature listened with the utmost attention to every word that fell from the President's lips. The text of the note to Germany, which was sent before the address was delivered, was published Thursday morning. In outline, and to a considerable extent in phraseology, it is the same as the President's address. The substance of the address follows:

The President began by recalling Germany's declaration in February, 1915, to treat the seas around Great Britain as a war zone, and its warning to neutral as well as to belligerent ships that they entered this zone at their peril. The President then recalled the protest of our Government, the well-established rules of international law founded upon humanity and the protection of non-combatants, and our refusal to admit that any belligerent Power could close the high seas against neutrals. This law, said the President, "is based upon manifest and imperative principles of humanity, and has long been established by the approval and express assent of all civilized nations." Despite the protest, and despite assurances by Germany that it would respect neutrals and safeguard the lives of non-combatants, the German submarines, the President declared, "have attacked merchant ships with greater and greater activity, not only upon the high seas surrounding Great Britain and Ireland, but wherever they could encounter them, in a way that has grown more and more ruthless, more and more indiscriminate, as the months go by, less and less observant of restraint of any kind, and have delivered their attacks without compunction against vessels of every nationality, and bound upon every sort of errand. Vessels of neutral ownership, even when bound from neutral port to neutral port, have been destroyed along with vessels of belligerent ownership in constantly increasing numbers. Sometimes the merchantman attacked has been warned and summoned to surrender before being fired on or torpedoed; sometimes passengers or crew have been vouchsafed the poor security of being allowed to take to the ship's boats before she was sent to the bottom; but again and again no warning has been given, no escape even to the ship's boats allowed to those on board.

The President dwelt upon the extent of the unlawful injury to merchant ships, contrary to assurances received "and in a manner which the Government of the United States cannot but regard as wanton and without the slightest color of justification. No limit of any kind has, in fact, been set to the indiscriminate pursuit and destruction of merchantmen of all kinds and nationalities" within the waters thus designated. "The roll of Americans who have lost their lives on ships thus attacked and destroyed has grown month by month until the ominous toll has mounted into the hundreds."

The case of the *Sussex* was described as "singularly tragic and unjustifiable," and the comment was made that if it stood alone, instead of being only one instance of the spirit and method of this warfare, explanations might more easily be entertained.

The President pointed out the extreme and continued patience of the United States and its willingness to wait, until now, unhappily, the point has been reached where the facts become susceptible of but one interpretation, namely, that "the Imperial German Govern-

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ment has been unable to put any limits or restraints upon its warfare against either freight or passenger ships."

Then followed the most forceful and definite utterance of the address, in the words: "Unless the Imperial German Government should now *immediately* declare and effect an abandonment of its present methods of warfare against passenger and freight carrying vessels, the Government of the United States can have no choice but to sever diplomatic relations with the Government of the German Empire altogether."

For the first time since the protracted submarine controversy began, President Wilson has now proposed a definite plan of action. Almost any plan is better than no plan. For this reason, if for no other, the American people will experience some measure of relief from the intolerable uncertainty of the past twelve months, and will indorse the President's words. If there is lack of enthusiasm, it is not because the President has asked more of the people than they are cordially willing to give, but because they have long been ready to follow a leader who would move more promptly, more decisively, and more effectually than the President has moved.

It is the lack of enthusiasm of those who hear their leader calling to them from behind. The word that he speaks now is the word that ought to have been spoken when Germany first defied the American protest by sinking the *Gulflight*, a year ago this month. The action which he proposes to take is the action that ought to have been taken the day it was known that a German submarine had, on May 7, 1915, sunk the *Lusitania*.

The tide, which if taken at the flood would have led to the united action of an aroused people, has ebbed. The support now given to the President will be that of men who feel that their humiliation is due, not alone to the acts of an open enemy who has insolently made war on them and the principles of liberty and law they hold dear, but also to the inaction of their leaders. We ought to face this fact and not conceal it from ourselves.

Under such circumstances what ought the American people to do?

Before they do anything else they should make clear to themselves what the issue between them and the German Government is. First, it is an issue of the rights of American citizens as against a policy of deliberate murder. Second, it is an issue of the rights of neutral nations on the high seas, rights of which the United States is the most powerful defender. Third, it is an issue of the rights of non-combatants as against the resurgence of savagery in war.

Fourth, it is an issue of the maintenance of international law as against a militarism which acts on the assumption that treaties are scraps of paper and that necessity knows no law. Fifth, it is an issue of the liberties of all peoples, the German people as well as the French or English or Russian or Belgian people, German-Americans as well as any other Americans. If once this Nation is drawn into the war, it cannot withdraw simply when submarines cease their activities. This Nation must then take its part in sustaining the whole fabric of civilization which the German Government is imperiling.

Clearly perceiving this issue, the American people should prepare themselves for any step that the carrying out of the President's plan may involve.

One of five results may follow the President's note to Germany. 1. Germany may acquiesce, alter her whole submarine policy, and thus admit that her philosophy of warfare is unjustifiable. There is no ground to hope for such an admission. 2. The President may enter into another discussion with Germany, as he did after his "strict accountability" and *Lusitania* notes. A course so inconsistent with the present ultimatum is not to be considered. 3. Germany may refuse to assent to the demands of the United States, whereupon a diplomatic rupture will follow. 4. Germany may regard this diplomatic rupture as a *casus belli* and declare war on us. 5. Germany may ignore the United States altogether, persist in her submarine policy, and continue to destroy the lives of Americans and other neutrals. Our Government would then have to consider whether self-respect and human rights compelled us to declare war on Germany. For these reasons we believe a breaking of diplomatic relations is inevitable. Whether war follows depends wholly upon Germany.

The breaking off of diplomatic relations, therefore, may not mean war—but it may mean war. If it does, it will be a war into which the American people will go with no light heart. Let them be ready for it, then with loyalty, unity, and high resolve.

THE WEEK

THE STORY OF THE WAR: VERDUN AND ELSEWHERE

The second month of the great German offensive at Verdun ends with the Germans still balked of their purpose to break through the French lines at that point. The week ending April 19 witnessed a renewal of attacks on a large scale, which had been intermitted in the preceding week, evidently for purposes of reinforcement and preparation. Again the Germans made some impression on the French defense, this time in the northeastern quarter near the village of Douaumont. The Germans claim to have taken nearly seventeen hundred unwounded men and officers as prisoners, and to have driven the French back from a strongly fortified position in a stone quarry. The French claim to have retrieved some of the lost ground. The German War Office announces its intention to publish the names of 711 officers and 38,155 men taken in the Verdun combat since February 21. This gives an indication of the extent and seriousness of the fighting that has been going on. It remains true, however, that the French occupy a chain, or rather series of groups, of hills, the guns upon which support one another, and the road to the citadel of Verdun is still blocked and firmly held against German advance.

The Turkish Government now admits the fact that the Russian hospital ship *Portugal* was torpedoed by a Turkish submarine, but it declares that the ship was carrying munitions of war, and that it was not properly marked. This is a flat contradiction of positive and official statements made by the Russian Government which may be summed up in one sentence from the Russian note: "The circumstances under which this attack was made exclude all possibility of a mistake having been made by the submarine. It was a deliberate attack."

The fall of Trebizond, on the Black Sea, was announced by the Russian War Office on April 18. This is a consequence of the Russian campaign since the fall of Erzerum, and has been daily expected. The port is of great importance and its capture is a very notable incident in the general Russian advance.

The confusion and conflict of parties and sympathies in Greece continues. It has sprung up anew in connection with the sending by the Allies of Servian troops across

Greece to Salonika on the railways. These troops have been recuperating in Corfu and other places after their terrible campaign. Teutonic submarines, which have been using Greek territory as bases, have made the sea trip to Salonika unsafe; and therefore the Allies wish to use the railways for the Servians. The representatives of the Central Powers have warned Greece that they consider this a breach of neutrality, but the famous Greek popular leader, Venizelos, maintains the propriety of the act in view of Greece's treaty with Servia. Moreover, Mr. Venizelos has made a bitter attack on the Greek Government, and practically on the King, asserting again that the present Government does not represent a majority of the Greeks, and that Greece faces the question whether "it is to be governed by a democracy presided over by a king, or whether it must now accept the doctrine of the divine right of kings."

In this country, apart from the submarine issue, which is treated elsewhere, German machinations have been again brought into the foreground by the indictment of Captain von Papen, formerly Military Attaché to the German Embassy, and dismissed from this country because of "improper activities in military affairs," on a charge of having been concerned in a plot to destroy the Welland Canal. It is held that Captain von Papen's dismissal takes away his privilege, as a member of the Embassy, of exemption from any kind of indictment. Captain Tauscher, a Krupp agent in America, and others, are under indictment for the same offense. Still other indictments have been found against men who are charged with manufacturing bombs to be exploded in vessels leaving this port, and for having used one of the German merchant ships now held in New York Harbor as the workshop for their atrocious purposes.

CARDINAL MERCIER

One of the greatest heroes that the war has produced carries neither sword nor gun, nor has he held within his hand the portfolio of any Minister of State. Yet his courage might be the envy of any military commander and his judgment the ideal of any government. We speak of Cardinal Mercier. Out of the wreckage of the Belgian nation he stands forth—a counselor of prudence without dishonor, of courtesy without com-

promise, and of obedience without spiritual submission or fear.

A striking example of his purpose and vision is given by his recent letter to General von Bissing, Governor-General of the occupied portions of Belgium. It was a Lenten pastoral of Cardinal Mercier's which called forth a warning from Bissing to cease his alleged political activity. The Cardinal's reply to the order of Bissing is as keen as a rapier and as illuminating as a flaming torch :

It behooves us, Excellency, in answering the letter it pleased you to address us, to render homage to the courtesy you have shown to the venerated head of our Church.

The faithful servant of our Lord Jesus Christ, we obeyed the summons of his representative on earth. But, you know, Excellency, that it was not we who solicited the great honor of laying our homage at the feet of his Holiness. Allow us, then, even smitten as we are by admiration before the warlike pomp surrounding you and the brilliant staff which, like King Saul, you have attached to your person, to retain, nevertheless, our full liberty of judgment.

That liberty in the troubled hours through which our country is passing we cannot and will not relinquish. In doing so we remain the faithful shepherd of that flock for which our Lord has given his life.

We shall follow the teaching of the noble successor of St. Peter, his Holiness Leo XIII. In his encyclical he instructed us as to obeying the civil authorities when they give orders manifestly contrary to the natural divine law: "If any one distinctly finds himself faced with the alternative of breaking the commands of God or those of a Prince, he must follow the precepts of Jesus Christ and answer as did the Apostle. It is better to obey God than man."...

We "render unto Cæsar those things which are Cæsar's," for we pay you the silent homage due to strength, but we keep closed to your encroachments the sacred domain of our conscience, the last refuge of the rightful oppressed.

It was not, your Excellency may be sure, without deep reflection that we denounced to the world the evils with which our brothers and sisters are overwhelmed—frightful evils, indeed atrocious crimes, the tragic horror of which cold reason refuses to admit.

But had we not done so we should not have felt ourselves worthy to be the successor of the apostles who converted the Belgian Gaul, nor the spiritual son of those who by their labors made illustrious the See of Malines, of which the Library of Louvain formed the purest jewel, the inestimable priceless treasure. . . .

Belgian, we have heard the cries of sorrow of our people; patriot, we have sought to heal the wounds of our country; bishop, we have de-

nounced crimes committed against our innocent priests.

This translation of Cardinal Mercier's letter, which we take from the New York "Times," carries the mind back to the day when St. Ambrose secured from the Emperor Theodosius a public acknowledgment of his guilty responsibility for the slaughter of the seven thousand Thessalonians. Governor-General von Bissing and his "brilliant staff" will doubtless never enter the aisles of Antwerp Cathedral as penitential suppliants, yet who is there to withhold from Cardinal Mercier the same chaplet of wisdom and of courage that made memorable the fame of Ambrose, Bishop of Milan ?

AN INVITATION TO SEDITION

In recent issues of the New York "Times" and the "Christian Science Monitor" there appeared the translation of a letter from a responsible German writer to a professor in an American college so extraordinary in thought and expression that it aroused our immediate doubt as to its authenticity. This letter purported to be written by Dr. Paul Rohrbach, a German theologian and publicist, and a writer whose communications are commonly regarded as semi-official in nature, to A. H. Appelmann, a Professor of German at the University of Vermont. The list of writings from Dr. Rohrbach's pen, as given in "Wer Ist's?" is an impressive one.

We have taken what steps we could to verify the source and genuineness of this letter, and we have been assured by those responsible for its publication that they are satisfied that it is an authentic document. Further than this, we wrote to Professor Appelmann, asking him frankly if he accepted the authenticity of the letter, and whether he cared to give us any information regarding the circumstances under which it was addressed to him. This seemed to us a fair question, for by the internal evidence of the letter from Dr. Rohrbach it appears to be a reply to certain questions previously addressed to him by Professor Appelmann.

In a letter which we have just received from Professor Appelmann he entirely evades our direct question concerning the circumstances under which Dr. Rohrbach's letter was addressed to him, and says, in reference to the "Christian Science Monitor" and the New York "Times:" "If they have such a letter, I do not know how it came into the

hands of any Allied government nor by what authority it was published."

Giving due weight to this inadequate explanation from Professor Appelmann and the internal evidence of the letter from Dr. Rohrbach, we leave it to our readers to decide whether or not we are justified in regarding the Rohrbach-Appelmann correspondence as an intolerable affront. Dr. Rohrbach writes, in part, as follows:

Berlin, January 30, 1916.

Dear Professor:

I have to acknowledge with thanks your letter of December 8, to which I have the following observations to make in reply:

Firstly. Your suggestions with reference to the Ford mission are certainly worthy of careful attention. So far as we are able to do anything in the matter, they shall, if the circumstances arise, be made use of.

Secondly. As regards the question you raise about the German element in America siding with Wilson's armament schemes, I venture to make the following observations:

Generally speaking, it is difficult for us to interfere in American internal politics by giving advice to Americans of German extraction. Of course other considerations may, however, preponderate for the time being while the war lasts. . . .

It is perhaps open to question whether genuine German interests would derive benefit from American armaments. In order to form an opinion one would have to be able to foresee (1) who will be the next President after Wilson, (2) what lines German policy will follow after the conclusion of peace, and particularly how our relations with Japan will shape themselves. It seems to me quite conceivable that, in the event of an American-Japanese war, we should adopt an attitude of very benevolent neutrality towards Japan and thereby make it easier for her to beat America. In that case, why should we help on the American armament policy, which is often represented as being directed against the event of German victory? . . .

I cannot see, therefore, that German political aims would be forwarded *ipso facto* by German-Americans lending themselves to the schemes for American armament.

This being so, we ought, I think, to refrain from giving advice to the German-Americans and should rather leave them to find out for themselves the course which they think will best serve their own interests as American citizens.

In spite of the concluding paragraph, we think that the spirit of Dr. Rohrbach's letter is fairly shown by the statements which precede. We feel that his position and desires are not misrepresented by the extracts from his long letter which we have here published.

That a professor in an American college

should invite such advice from a foreign source calls for the gravest consideration. Loyal Americans of German ancestry will be the first, we hope, to resent the imputation that such questionable motives govern their attitude towards a domestic American policy.

THE CRITICAL SITUATION IN MEXICO

The most serious event in Mexico during the week ending April 19 was the attack on American troops at the town of Parral, in which, unquestionably, many soldiers belonging to Carranza's army joined, although it is not positively known whether they did it under command of their officers or not. Some reports state that the Carranza troops fought as a body and under their own flag. This, however, is not asserted in the published telegram from General Pershing to General Funston made public by the War Department. General Pershing states that Major Tompkins, of the Thirteenth Infantry, with two troops, entered Parral on April 12; that "the proceeding was cordially received by the higher civil and military authorities;" that the Carranzista military commander, General Lozano, accompanied Major Tompkins on his way to the camp; that in the outskirts of the town groups of native troops and civilians jeered at our soldiers, threw stones, and finally fired on them. Major Tompkins took a defensive position, but was flanked by Mexican troops and compelled to retire, while some three hundred of the Carranzista soldiers joined in the pursuit. In this fighting General Pershing reports two Americans killed, seven wounded, and one missing.

Even on the assumption that this attack was not directed by high Carranzista military authority, it is a startling indication of the attitude of the Carranza soldiers toward our army, and portentous as threatening further attacks of this kind. Our troops have been very careful about doing anything that would seem like occupying towns, and they evidently approached Parral only after consultation with Mexican authorities there. They were on what is described as "a hot trail of bandits," perhaps commanded by Villa personally. The immediate result has been to check our advance in the pursuit of Villa and to require the sending of additional troops (about twenty-three hundred) into Mexico to support our lines of communication. The reports of Villa's death and burial have not

been confirmed and at this writing are not generally credited.

The whole situation is uncomfortable and even dangerous. Carranza has pretty definitely taken the position that our forces ought now to withdraw, and even declares that he is surprised that they entered the country at all, as he had supposed that they would not be sent in until a formal protocol had been arranged. Judging by ordinary Mexican methods, it is certain that if this plan had been followed nothing would have been done up to the present moment. On the other hand, while doubtless Carranza would be glad to hear of Villa's death or capture, there has been a lack of activity in Mexican military effort which is disappointing to those who had hoped for joint action and a quick ending of the Villa incident.

What is our Government to do now? It might withdraw and say that its mission is ended with the partial dispersal of Villa bands; but dispersal of guerrillas simply means that they may come together again at a day's notice. It may strengthen its military position and continue the "man hunt" to the end. It may, if Carranza breaks faith or Carranzista troops continue to act in a hostile manner, find that the time has come when it is no longer bound by the Administration's declaration that under no circumstances will the present expedition "be suffered . . . to develop into intervention of any kind in the internal affairs of our sister Republic; on the contrary, what is now being done is deliberately intended to preclude the possibility of intervention." Every week increases the conviction that our Government made a serious mistake in deciding to hunt down one man or one band of brigands, rather than to recognize and declare that what happened at Columbus, and before that at Santa Ysabel, furnished the final proof that Carranza cannot preserve order and security in Mexico, or prevent attack and insult upon American lives and American territory, and that this fact in itself justified and made necessary adequate action by our Government to bring about precisely that condition of order which it is hopeless to expect to obtain in any other way.

THE ARMY BILL IN THE SENATE

The Senate by a vote of 43 to 37 has decided in favor of authorizing the President to increase the regular army to 250,000 men.

The Senate has also voted that the full term of enlistment in the regular army shall be five years, of which two years shall be with the colors and three in the reserve. If this provision is enacted into law, the regular army reserve should swell rapidly. The provision for the short service with the colors ought also to make it easier to secure enlistment in the regular army. The difficulty of securing men for the army in the open labor market in competition with American farms and American factories cannot be minimized. At present the army is finding difficulty in securing 20,000 men recently authorized by Congress to bring the regiments on the Mexican border to war strength.

Perhaps the most important and promising feature of the vote in the Senate was the retention of the provision for the organization of a volunteer force under Federal control—a force which approximates the continental army idea of Secretary Garrison. Together with this provision, however, the Senate bill, like that already passed by the House, provides for the Federal payment of State militia. The Outlook's opinion concerning the viciousness of this provision has already been stated.

An entering wedge for the introduction of a limited Australian system of training into our schools is contained in an amendment to the bill introduced by Senator Hardwick, of Georgia, and passed by the Senate, which provides for military instruction by commissioned army officers, under the direction of the Secretary of War, in every school and college in the United States having one hundred or more students over fifteen years old, when authorities of such schools apply for instruction and the requisite number of students agree to accept the training and become a part of the reserve force of the army.

The Senate bill will doubtless be further modified in conference with the House, and we shall reserve until then a more extended analysis than can be now given of the present Senate bill as it is reported in the despatches from Washington.

THE CONVENTION OF THE NAVY LEAGUE

The Navy League of the United States at its annual Convention in Washington lent the weight of its active organization to the demand for a National council of defense. It asked, further, for the creation of a naval general staff, and an immediate increase in

CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Pease in the Newark Evening News



"SOMEWHERE
IN MEXICO"

LONG—BUT VERY THIN

CAN UNCLE SAM REACH HIM?

CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle



AS WAR WOULD FIND US

HAVE WE ANY NEED FOR PREPAREDNESS?

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle



"THERE MUST BE A NEW BELGIUM"—Von Bethmann
Holtweg

NOTHING BUT RUINS TO BUILD IT FROM

Carter in the New York Evening Sun



CHORUS—"Majesty, we never sink neutral vessels!"
KAISER—"Bless you, my lambs!"

THE WOLF-SUBMARINES SPEAK THEIR PIECE

From the Cleveland Leader



WILL THE DIKS HOLD?

HOLLAND'S DANGEROUS POSITION

the navy adequate for the protection of our country and the maintenance of our foreign policy. Concerning the present condition of the navy the resolutions adopted at the Convention declare :

In our opinion, the navy is entirely inadequate in strength, not only in ships and in personnel, but in many other essentials, to defend us properly against aggression, and this unhappy condition will of necessity continue until we adopt some well-considered and enduring policy.

The connection between "a well-considered and an enduring policy" and the creation of a National council of defense was well summarized by Mr. Herbert L. Satterlee, formerly an Assistant Secretary of the Navy. He said :

The idea of such a board or council is no new invention. It has been proposed from time to time by men who realized its necessity from many varied angles of observation. Almost every one of the patriotic societies or leagues has recommended it in some shape, and it has appeared in political platforms. Of all the elements of preparedness, however, it seems to be that one for which there is the most immediate necessity. The part which our Nation is to play in the world in defending its own interests, in protecting nations which are weaker and in preserving peace, the strategic importance of commercial enterprise and economic industrial development, the mobilization of engineering talent and transportation facilities, the resources of the country in men and money—the relations of all this to the other necessary demands upon the public purse must all be considered as a whole, and whatever legislation may be enacted must stand the test of constitutionality. This can only be accomplished by the enactment of a law which will provide for the formation of a National defense board, by whatever name it may be called.

The many authoritative and important addresses read before the Convention have been published in pamphlet form and can be secured from the Navy League, the offices of which are in the Southern Building, at Washington. Particularly noteworthy were the speeches of Mr. Henry A. Wise Wood, on "An Adequate Naval Policy for the United States;" on "The Rise and Decline of the United States Navy," by J. Bernard Walker, of the "Scientific American;" on "The Manufacture and Sale of Munitions of War," by Charles Noble Gregory, an editor of "The American Journal of International Law;" on "Why Congress is Reluctant to Develop the Navy," by Congressman Augustus P. Gardner;" and on "The Essential

Elements of Foreign Policy," by Dr. David Jayne Hill. One paper was not read by its author, for the simple reason that he was refused permission to address the League by the Secretary of the Navy. The distinguished expert who was refused this privilege was no less a person than Rear-Admiral Bradley A. Fiske, of the United States Navy. As Admiral Fiske's paper on "Naval Strategy" had previously been published in a technical journal, it was read to the Convention by a delegate while the meeting roundly cheered. So both Mr. Daniels's desire to vindicate his authority and the Navy League's laudable desire for information on this important question were gratified.

Concerning the general question of preparedness Congressman Charles Martindale found a text in Demosthenes which may well be borne in mind whenever the question is discussed: "Yet, O Athenians, yet is there time. There is one way in which you can yet win a victory. And the manner of it is this. Cease to hire your soldiers and go yourselves—every man of you—and stand in the ranks. Thus if you win a victory it will be a victory in glory beyond all victories, and if you fall you will perish worthy of your heroic past."

BUILDING UP INDUSTRIAL LIBERTY

A "brief" of two thick volumes, with a total of a thousand pages, seems like a contradiction in terms. That, however, is the name given to a work as interesting and human as it is voluminous and learned that was presented to the Supreme Court on April 10. It is part of a great structure that will remain for a long time as a defense of what has legally been called "the inalienable right to rest."

One reason why civil liberty is so firmly established in the United States is that it has been built up slowly—one stone at a time. A great part of the work was done in other countries—England, France, Holland. The labor and sacrifice involved were prodigious, and sometimes seemed fruitless; but the resulting structure is immovable.

So gradually there is in process of construction in the United States an edifice of industrial liberty. And the brief presented to the Supreme Court on April 10 is one of the stones in the building.

A brief review of recent industrial history

will help to make the significance of this brief clear. In April, 1905, the United States Supreme Court decided that New York State had no right to make illegal an excess of eight hours of labor a day in bakeries. A majority of the judges of that Court agreed in saying :

We think the limit of the police power has been reached and passed in this case. There is, in our judgment, no reasonable foundation for holding this to be necessary or appropriate as a health law to safeguard the public health or the health of the individuals who are following the trade of a baker.

In the fall of that same year the same Court decided that it was legal for the State of Missouri to limit the hours of labor in mines. In that case the judges said that the labor of mining was of such a nature that excessive hours of labor were a menace to health, and therefore contrary to the general welfare. The difference between the case of the bakers and the case of the miners was not a difference of legal principle. There was no question about that. The legal principle was that the Legislature may interfere in contracts between employer and employee if such interference is necessary for the protection of the public. The difference was that the judges believed that in the case of the miners the facts were such as to warrant the application of the principle, but not in the case of the bakers.

Now there were very good reasons why not only the laborers themselves but the public should be protected against the evils that are produced by long hours of labor in bakeries; but these reasons were not presented to the Court. On the other hand, conditions of labor in mines were so familiar that the judges knew, without being told, of the need of protecting the public against the evils of overwork in mines. In the mines case the judges knew the conditions of life without being told; while in the bakeries case the judges did not know the conditions and nobody told them.

When, therefore, an Oregon law to protect women from overwork in laundries came up for decision in the courts, a brief was prepared which did not argue the principles of law at length (for these were well established), but which did set forth at great length the conditions of labor for women and the physical effects of such labor. The facts were gleaned from all over the world, and were substantiated by citations of scientific authori-

ties. This brief won the case for the women in the Oregon court, and, enlarged and amplified, won it for them finally in the Supreme Court of the United States.

The preparation of that brief was mainly the work of Miss Josephine Goldmark, of the National Consumers' League. In putting it into legal form for presentation to the courts she acted in co-operation with the prominent Boston attorney, Louis D. Brandeis.

PROTECT MEN AS WELL AS WOMEN

But that law protected only women. Now there is before the United States Supreme Court an Oregon law for the protection of men from overwork. This law limits the working hours of men as well as women to ten hours a day. Its main provision may be stated in its own language :

It is hereby declared that the working of any person more than ten hours in one day in any mill, factory, or manufacturing establishment is injurious to the physical health and well-being of such person, and tends to prevent him from acquiring that degree of intelligence that is necessary to make him a useful and desirable citizen of the State.

In preparing the case for the Supreme Court, Attorney-General Brown, of the State of Oregon, had the statesmanship to avail himself of the same services that had proved effective in the women's case. So Miss Goldmark collected facts and statistics and the opinions of experts from all over the world bearing upon the effects of overwork and fatigue, and again she had the co-operation of Mr. Brandeis. When, however, Mr. Brandeis was appointed to the Supreme Bench, he of course at once withdrew from the case. His place was taken by Felix Frankfurter, Professor of Law at Harvard University. It is this brief—prepared by Miss Goldmark and Professor Frankfurter—that we have spoken of as a new stone in the structure of industrial liberty.

The point of the brief is that it has long been accepted by the courts that dangerous trades can be regulated by statute, and that it can be shown by evidence that any occupation which causes excessive fatigue is a dangerous trade—dangerous alike to those engaged in it and to the whole community. So these volumes proceed to show, by piling up the evidence, that overwork causes fatigue and that fatigue is poisonous to the bodies

of men, to their morals, and to the well-being of the Nation.

It is quite impossible even to sketch the outlines of this array of facts. Two or three points, however, may be given to show how these facts are presented. Early in the brief the statement is made that there has been a great increase "in the so-called degenerative diseases—that is, diseases of the heart, blood-vessels, and kidneys"—and that one contributing factor in the cause of this increase is "the stress and strain of American ways of living and working." That statement is substantiated by page after page of authoritative statements of scientific fact by physicians, health officers, statisticians, and professors, not only in America but in foreign countries—France, Germany, Italy. Later there is a similar collection of authorities to show the effects of the "new strain in manufacture," of work in crowded quarters, and of work in warm and damp air. Similar authorities are quoted to show the chemical nature of fatigue—how "an overtired person is literally a poisoned person." Again, physiological authorities are quoted to show the function of rest. One of the two volumes is devoted to the constructive side, showing the need of leisure for the sake of good citizenship, and the advantages secured in foreign countries through the increase of efficiency resulting from shortening the hours of labor.

This accumulation of scientific testimony can be answered only in kind, and there simply does not exist competent scientific authority to refute the main facts here set forth. We cannot, of course, anticipate the decision of the Supreme Court in this matter, but, whatever its decision, this brief is certain to remain part of the texture of future industrial freedom.

MUSIC OF HINDUSTAN

When the curtain was lifted at the Princess Theater, New York City, on the afternoon of April 13, the audience, which filled all the seats, saw on the stage in the foreground two vases of red flowers, and between them, lying on the floor, a long-necked stringed instrument. The background consisted simply of dark curtains. In a moment the curtains parted and a woman stepped out. She wore Oriental garments, of warm and harmonious colors. Seating herself on the floor, she raised the instrument and held it vertically before her.

Then began a recital of music such as

most of the audience had never heard before.

It was music of India. First there was a group of magical songs, or ragas, sung to the droning accompaniment of the instrument. Next a group of Kashmiri folk songs, without accompaniment. Last there was another group of ragas.

The singer was Ratan Devi. An Englishwoman, wife of Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy, she has become so imbued with the music of India, her present home, that she is as adept in it as a native; and on account of her Western origin is perhaps more capable than a native would be to interpret the music of India to Occidental hearers.

Before the recital began Dr. Coomaraswamy briefly explained to the audience the nature of the music they were about to hear. He is well known in India as well as in Europe as a critic and a member of learned societies, and has the gift of interpreting art in clear, fine English.

As he explained, the art of music in India is much older than it is in Europe. It has a history of three thousand years. And as practiced in India music is peculiarly free from commercial and other influences that tend to degrade it, for it is an expression of a spirit that is nowhere so pronounced as it is in India—a spirit of aloofness from temporary things. The performance of art music in India is in the nature of a ceremony. The audience are in the attitude of disciples; they are quiet and cultivated; they have acquired the capacity for listening. And the musician is not expressing himself or the personality of the composer in the music he performs, but is attempting to express something universal. It is the opposite of what we recognize as the romantic in art; it is rather the extreme of that which we would call classical.

The very material of music in India is different from that to which Western ears are accustomed. There are many more notes recognized in the Indian scale than in ours. For example, the interval from C to D we call a whole tone; and we recognize a still smaller interval called a half-tone, as, for example, C to C sharp, or C sharp to D. But in India they recognize even smaller intervals. With all these minute intervals, however, which give of course a greater number of notes to the scale, no one art song contains more than five or six notes. Each raga is a selection of five or six notes which have

certain definite progressions. And each raga is associated with certain effects—such as a time of evening or of morning. Thus music in India has become a very complicated and technical art.

Moreover, there is in Indian music no harmony. When we Westerners think of a tune, we think of a harmony with it. There has been a book written to support the theory that even bird songs have a harmonic connotation. Dr. Coomaraswamy maintains, on the other hand, that in the music of India there is no such context.

How about the instrumental accompaniment, then? one might ask. The answer is that this droning sound of the strings of the tamboura is a sort of background. Dr. Coomaraswamy likened it to the eternal, universal reality out of which the individual emerges and into which he recedes. It has no separate intellectual interest. You must hear it all the time and yet forget it. It has no harmonic relation to the tones of the voice. The sound of the tamboura begins before the song and continues for a little while after it. It surrounds the song as an ambient. Its four strings are tuned, so far as one hearer could tell, to the dominant and tonic (an empty fifth), D and G, for example, and pitched to suit the voice. The strings are so rich in overtones that they almost sound like a minor chord.

The ragas that Ratan Devi sang sounded very strange, of course, to Western hearers; but, strange as they were, they were most enticing in their beauty. Without any knowledge of their technique, it was possible nevertheless to recognize that they had a form, a contour. This, it seemed, was due to a sort of repetition of phrase that was most elusive and most inviting.

The Kashmiri songs, sung without accompaniment, were folk songs—a spring song, a love song, a Persian ode, and some lullabies. These were much more like music of the Occident. It is not surprising that the natural music of folk songs should be alike the world over, while as music becomes more self-conscious it branches off into diverse forms and idioms.

The effect of these Oriental songs was not unlike the effect of the stage picture. As the singer formed the center, with the simple but studied decorations enhancing the effect, while in the background were the austere and dark draperies, always the same, so the voice of the singer was the center of the music, the

sliding and subtle intervals forming a decoration that enhanced the beauty of the tones, while in the ragas the tamboura sounded an unchanging background of sound.

Nothing could form a more impressive contrast than the huge and noisy Mahler symphony of a thousand performers, followed in a few days by this recital. Of the two the recital, by virtue of its very simplicity, might well be regarded as the more sensational. Dr. Coomaraswamy and his wife (their portraits appear in our picture section this week) ought to find in America an eager public. If attendance at their recitals should become a fad, it would be as wholesome and useful a fad as any that ever found favor among Americans. Is it too much to hope for that they will, however, find an adequate response in a growing public appreciation of real art?

CHARLOTTE BRONTË

A hundred years ago last Friday Charlotte Brontë was born in the little Yorkshire village of Thornton. Her father, the village rector, was a stern, unsympathetic, unjust man who did what he could to crush his three daughters' imagination and ambition. "My poor father naturally thought more of his *only* son than of his daughters," wrote Charlotte in a letter after the tragedy of the brother's dissipation, failure to achieve anything, and early death. All three of the sisters, Charlotte, Emily, and Anne, had imagination, as was shown in the early volume of "Poems by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell," and all wrote fiction; Emily's "Wuthering Heights" had distinct power of a gloomy type; Charlotte alone had the ceaseless prompting of intellectual activity and fiery earnestness that would be striving and producing with or without encouragement. The whole family history is moving, pathetic, and singular.

It would not be far wrong to say that of late years readers have cared more for the story of the Brontës than for the Brontës' stories. Mrs. Gaskell's "Life" of Charlotte raised a controversy as to the facts, and especially as to Charlotte's marriage to Mr. Nicholls, her father's curate, and the father's obduracy and selfishness—a controversy which still continues. If the interest now felt in the centenary of Charlotte's birth shall lead readers to open or reopen the "Life and Letters" by Clement Shorter or the "Life" by Augustine Birrell, it will have done a real service in reviving a study of personal traits and character which involve

a story quite as strong in emotion as many novels.

The centenary occasion will also do a service if it points out to the many readers whose sole knowledge of Charlotte Brontë's writing is that they once read "Jane Eyre" that she wrote other novels which are superior to that erstwhile best seller in quality and knowledge of life. There was an untamed vigor about "Jane Eyre" that made it widely acclaimed. More young girls probably wept over the sorrows of the mouse-like governess than ever indulged in fictitious grief since Richardson wrote "Pamela," and the designing but compelling villain is almost the prototype of countless would-be seducers on the stage and in fiction. The note of the book is intensity rather than knowledge of life. But "The Professor" (written before "Jane Eyre," but published later), and still more "Shirley" and "Villette," indicate independent thoughtfulness and an interest in social problems, particularly those of education and labor. Charlotte Brontë, although she did not write "problem novels," was one of the first of modern novelists to interpret and direct attention to poverty, factory conditions, and educational deficiencies. "Villette," at least, also has humor and clever character work, and can be read to-day purely as fiction with real pleasure.

THE SALVATION ARMY'S CAMPAIGN

As our readers know, the Salvation Army has for many years been doing a work among the poor and distressed which never has been, and never can be, done in just the same way by any other kind of organization. The history of the organization in America is one of self-sacrifice and devoted effort to this end. Now a vigorous and extended effort is being made to give the Salvation Army the equipment it should have to carry on its work with judgment and effectiveness.

This effort is to found what the great leader of the Salvation Army in England, General William Booth, to whom this attempt is a memorial, called a University of Humanity. It is proposed to raise at once half a million dollars in order to build a National training college, equip an old people's home, and erect two institutional missions in New York City. A striking feature of this campaign is that it has been planned by Mr. Ward, of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association. The reason why the Young Men's Christian Association is thus leading

in the practical work is that something over two years ago, when such a campaign had already been planned, the Commander of the Salvation Army in this country, Miss Evangeline Booth, postponed the campaign in order to leave the field clear for the great effort of the Young Men's Christian Association and the Young Women's Christian Association to raise a four-million-dollar fund. Commander Booth and her officers are certainly right in thinking that a memorial such as is now being planned is much to be preferred to one of mere stone or brass. The resulting institutions will be a permanent stimulus to human service.

Many public and business men of prominence and influence are on the general Committee, such as John Wanamaker, John Hays Hammond, Myron T. Herrick, George W. Perkins, Ogden Mills Reid, and others. The Outlook cannot too earnestly urge its readers to aid in carrying out this educational work which is described by Miss Booth as an "enterprise to remake men and women;" this is an enterprise, as she truly says, that cannot be undertaken in an unscientific or slipshod manner. The Salvation Army needs specialized and trained workers, and that, perhaps, is its greatest need. The leaders feel deeply that the growth of the work has been retarded by the limited training facilities, and that it is in precisely this direction that increased effort should be made by founding training colleges and missions in which the principles learned can be applied, which together shall do what General Booth urged so strongly—that is, "to found a university where consecrated men and women can learn best how to serve their fellow men and women."

GERMAN STEAMERS IN SOUTH AMERICA

That live paper, the "West Coast Leader," of Lima, Peru, discusses editorially the question of the German steamers which have taken refuge in South American ports. It is moved thereto by the discussion in neighboring Brazil, which itself was aroused by the action of Portugal, Brazil's mother country, in summarily taking possession of all German shipping in her harbors. Similar action by Brazil was advocated by some of the Brazilian Portuguese, who claimed to have warrant in the fact that when the war broke out Germany appropriated Brazilian coffee stored at Hamburg to the value of thirty million

dollars. Germany declares, however, as the "West Coast Leader" notes, that, as an offset, she transferred a sum covering the coffee's value to Berlin bankers in payment of the services of the loan of April 8, 1913.

Should Brazil seize German shipping, the "Leader" thinks that Argentina and Chile might follow suit, and then "how long Peru will be able to refrain from appropriating the £1,000,000 (\$5,000,000) in German shipping laid up in Callao Bay is an open question."

Argentina might find possible warrant for the appropriation of the German steamers in Argentine ports, the "Leader" points out, in these facts. In the early days of the war the Argentine Consul at Dinant, Belgium, "was brutally shot down by German soldiers while giving shelter to a group of refugee women and children in the Consulate. No adequate apology or compensation has ever been given by the Government of the Imperial murderer. Furthermore, when the Dutch liner Tubantia was sunk by a German submarine there were a large number of Argentine citizens on board."

As to Chile, we read that its Government has deposited in the Deutsche Bank in Berlin some 40,000,000 marks (about \$10,000,000, at the mark's usual value), and it is proposed to use this money for the purchase of German ships in Chilean ports, though in the several cases of the violation of the neutrality of Chilean waters by German war-ships in the early days of the war the Government at Santiago might find warrant for confiscation of German steamers. With a touch of humor the editor adds :

So far, Peru is without a *casus belli*, though in the case of other nations it might base such action on the German doctrine that "necessity knows no law," for if freight rates continue mounting at their present rate the appropriation of the eight German ships in Callao Bay will take on the aspects of a case of sheer necessity. . . .

As a matter of fact, neutral nations are suffering quite as much from the loss of ships, resulting from the German submarine campaign, as is Great Britain or other belligerent nations. Great Britain, from her great merchant marine, can commandeer as many ships as she needs at her own rates, whereas the neutral nations with small merchant marines must pay the piper when it comes to freight rates.

If any one supposes that South Americans are not alive to the issues of the

present war, the above editorial would indicate the contrary.

FROM SECTION BOSS TO LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR

Not many years ago, at a banquet of the State Bar Association at the Waldorf Astoria, in New York City, there sat beside each other two men, still young, one of whom was already Justice of the Supreme Court in the State, and the other the vice-president and manager of a traction system in one of the larger inland cities of New York. Said the Justice to the traction manager: "Twenty years ago, two stories below where we now sit, I was an assistant cook in the Waldorf Astoria." The traction manager said to the Justice: "Twenty years ago I laid brick on the Waldorf Astoria." One of them had been a poor immigrant boy from Germany, and for a time worked in the kitchen of the great hostelry; and the other had been a member of a bricklayers' organization, a night student at Cooper Union, and then had risen from the ranks to the leadership of industry. This is one true story of democracy in the United States.

And here is another. There recently died in the State of California Lieutenant-Governor John M. Eshleman, not widely known in the East, but known throughout the length and breadth of the State at the Golden Gate. Born in Illinois in 1876, early left fatherless, he went to California when he was twenty years of age and began his career in the lower ranks of industry. He was first an orange-picker, then a section hand and boss on the railway in Fresno, where by the light of his lantern at night he gave himself a high school education. With the money he had saved from work on the railway in two years he entered the University of California, and in 1902 received the degree of Bachelor of Arts with the highest honors. Within a year he was appointed by Governor Pardee to be Deputy State Labor Commissioner, next represented the Berkeley district in the State Legislature, and at the close of his term was appointed Deputy District Attorney of Alameda County. He was in the sordid California Legislature of 1907. It was his fight as a member of the reform minority against the race-track gambling interest which undermined his health, and he went to the Imperial Desert, as everybody believed, to die. After that he never knew what health was to the end, but he lived

to see the railway-racing political machine driven out of power and the State of California redeemed from forty years of misgovernment and corruption.

He struggled back to partial physical strength, and became the District Attorney of Imperial County. In 1910, when the fight of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League against machine oppression was begun, he ran for Railway Commissioner, was elected, and became President of the Commission. In this presidency he made a remarkable intellectual and moral record, and came to be held in the highest regard for his fairness and integrity by both the railways and the people. Two years ago he was nominated for Lieutenant-Governor of his State upon both the Progressive and the Republican tickets, and elected by a large majority. It was generally understood that he was to succeed Hiram Johnson in the Governorship, and such was the affection in which he was held that if he had lived it is doubtful whether any partisan opposition could have been aroused against him.

It is examples like this which illustrate the real possibilities of democracy in the United States.

THE AMERICAN FINANCE COMMISSION

The United States cruiser Tennessee took from the United States last March the American members of the International High Commission appointed at the recent Pan-American Congress in Washington to consider questions of finance. The personnel included the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. William G. McAdoo, and other important men. The sessions of the Commission were held at Buenos Aires and closed on April 13, after perfecting a permanent organization with Mr. McAdoo as permanent President of the Commission; Professor John Bassett Moore, of Columbia, as one of the Vice-Presidents; and Dr. Leo S. Rowe, of the University of Pennsylvania, as permanent Secretary of the Commission.

The principal achievement of the Commission seems to have been the adoption of a Pan-American coinage unit, which is exactly one-fifth of the United States gold dollar. Thus was created an established basis which, like that of the Latin monetary union of Europe, should provide interchangeable gold coin among all American republics.

The Commission also adopted resolutions declaring the creation of an American mer-

chant marine of paramount importance, recommending absolute Government control of wireless telegraphic communication, recommending the clarifying of laws concerning trade-marks and copyrights, approving a system of tariff statistics based on uniform classification, and recommending the simplification of bills of lading, port charges, and consular fees.

The American members of the Commission have now left Argentina for Chile, Peru, Panama, and Cuba, expecting to reach Hampton Roads again on May 9.

We believe that the work of the Commission will prove to be of high value in unifying and simplifying laws and customs throughout American republics with regard to the above and related questions of finance. The special circumstances brought about by the war make the American Governments and peoples realize a particular necessity in developing the closest possible financial and commercial ties.

PARTIES AND CANDIDATES

There are four unorganized groups—perhaps we should say trends of thought and feeling—in the United States, and each has its natural and logical candidate.

There are a few consistent followers of Tolstoy who think that all use of force is wrong, that the only way to conquer injustice is to yield to it, that if a nation is smitten on the one cheek it should turn the other also. Their logical candidate is William Jennings Bryan, or perhaps Henry Ford.

There are a large number who regard war as the greatest calamity which can befall the Nation and keeping out of it at any cost the Nation's first duty. They include some who merely dread war and some who sincerely love peace, some who are inspired by a mere sordid love of ease and gain and some who are inspired by a spirit of genuine humanity. They are not all satisfied with present conditions, but they are content to endure them. Their logical candidate is Woodrow Wilson.

There are a considerable number who wish to avoid the responsibility of deciding America's foreign policy. The complexity of the problem perplexes them, the greatness of the problem appalls them. They would like to escape the peril of a decision by selecting a good man whose views are unknown and referring it to him for

decision. Their logical candidate is Charles E. Hughes.

There are those who believe that the rights of a nation are its duties; that we may surrender our rights, but never our duties; that the primary duty of the nation is to protect its citizens at home and abroad, on land and on sea; that this duty America should perform, whatever that performance may cost her. They are unwilling that any man, however wise and good, shall decide for the people the question whether or not they will perform this duty; they wish to perform this duty and to elect a man with the will and the ability to lead them in performing it. Their logical candidate is Theodore Roosevelt.

Perhaps this brief summary of conflicting currents of opinion may help the reader to decide which group he wishes to belong to and aid by his influence in the pre-election discussion of the next six months.

AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT

Two experiments have been initiated in the West for adding to popular education some study of the Bible in connection with the public schools and under the direction of the State. These experiments are certainly of interest and may prove to be of importance.

Professor Huxley with his characteristic clearness and vigor urges the importance of religious teaching and of the use of the Bible for that purpose. The following paragraph, condensed from his essay entitled "The School Board," must suffice here to give our readers his view:

My belief is that no human being, and no society composed of human beings, ever did, or ever will, come to much unless their conduct was governed and guided by the love of some ethical ideals. . . . I have always been strongly in favor of secular education in the sense of education without theology; but I must confess I have been no less seriously perplexed to know by what practical measures the religious feeling, which is the essential basis of conduct, was to be kept up in the present utterly chaotic state of opinion on these matters, without the use of the Bible. . . . For three centuries this book has been woven into the life of all that is best and noblest in English history; it has become the national epic of Britain; it is written in the noblest and purest English, and abounds in exquisite beauties of mere literary form; and, finally, it forbids the veriest hind who never

left his village to be ignorant of the existence of other countries and other civilizations, and of a great past, stretching back to the furthest limits of the oldest nations in the world. By the study of what other book could children be so much humanized and made to feel that each figure in that vast historical procession fills, like themselves, but a momentary space in the interval between two eternities, and earns the blessings or the curses of all time, according to its effort to do good and hate evil, even as they also are earning their payment for their work?

The opposition to any introduction of the Bible as a text-book in our public schools comes curiously from both its admirers and its critics. The admirers, believing that the Bible is an infallible rule of faith and practice, are unwilling that it should be taught by any one who does not believe in its infallibility and does not use it as an authoritative rule of life. The critics, who do not believe that it is an infallible rule of faith and practice, object to its use lest the teacher shall lead the pupil to believe in its infallibility and accept it as an authoritative rule of life. Thus the two combine to exclude it altogether.

As a result our boys and girls are growing up in almost total ignorance of the life and literature of an ancient people whose spiritual, ethical, and political ideals have had a greater influence on our National life and character than those of any other ancient people. They are permitted to know Homer, but not Job; the institutes of Justinian, but not the Ten Commandments; the Jupiter of the Romans, but not the Jehovah of the Hebrews.

More than that, they are growing up under a system of education without any systematic attempt to furnish them with any ethical and spiritual ideals or even any political ideals, except such attempt as is made by occasionally singing a patriotic hymn and occasionally saluting the American flag. Afraid of sectarian theology, the American people have banished the unsectarian Bible. They have decreed, to quote Mr. Huxley again, "the abolition of all 'religious' teaching, when they only want to be free of theology—burning your ship to get rid of the cockroaches!" We hope the time will come when the Bible will be taught in our public schools as the life and literature of the ancient Greeks and the ancient Romans are taught, and the pupils will be left to compare for themselves the spiritual and ethical ideals of these ancient peoples; as we teach the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, and the history of the Republic with-

out any attempt to impose upon the readers the duty of accepting the political ideals of America as a fundamental and infallible standard for political life.

The two plans initiated in the West, one in North Dakota, the other in Colorado, seem to us interesting and important because they at least recognize the present defect in our systems of education and make some attempt to cure that defect.

The first plan was proposed by Professor Vernon P. Squires, of the University of North Dakota, in 1911. He proposed that as a guide to systematic Bible study the State Board of Education should authorize a syllabus for use by students, and to any one passing an examination by State authorities a half-unit of credit in the high school course should be allowed. Religious instruction as such must not enter in the syllabus or examination; every suspicion of sectarianism must be avoided; no text-book was prescribed except the Bible; and either the Roman Catholic, the King James, or the Revised Version might be used. While the syllabus is prescribed and the examinations are conducted by the State, the studies are pursued outside of the public school.

All Christian bodies have taken part in this movement, most of the Bible classes meeting on Sunday in connection with the various Sunday-schools. The difficulty at first of getting the boys and girls to do serious academic work has been largely overcome, for the pupils were not long in discovering that the old-time Sunday-school work did not fit them for high school standards. The examination questions employed are indicated by a few illustrations taken from those given out last June:

What connection with the life and work of Paul did each of the following men have: Agrippa, Barnabas, Felix, Festus, John, Mark, Luke, Peter, Silas, Stephen, Timothy?

Name and classify twenty books in the Old Testament and twenty books in the New Testament.

Write a memory passage from the New Testament at least 150 words in length.

Explain the Biblical allusion in each of the following quotations:

"He, who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Babylon's doom pronounced
by Heaven's command."—*Burns*.

"The airy hand confusion wrought,
Wrote 'Mene, mene,' and divided quite
The kingdom of her thought."—*Tennyson*.

"Lazarus left his charnel-cave
And home to Mary's house returned."

—*Tennyson*.

"He changes the self-satisfied Pharisee into
the broken-hearted, self-abased publican."

—*Newman*.

"Known voices are as David's harp
Bewitching Saul's oppressive woes."

—*Faber*.

"Nor did Israel escape
The infection, when their borrowed gold
composed

The calf in Oreb; and the rebel king
Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan."

—*Milton*.

In Colorado a different method is pursued, though with substantially the same purpose in view. The Teachers College at Greeley recognizes credentials brought from approved local schools, as credentials on other subjects from other normal schools are recognized, except that a representative of the Faculty must approve the text-book and the teacher, and to this representative must be submitted, not only the student's record, but also his note-book and a short thesis. The Colorado plan differs from the North Dakota plan in refusing even to consider students unless their teachers have been approved and have scholastic attainments equivalent to graduation from a college and some special training. But in both plans the Sunday-school class has been the chief means of preparation, and, as might be expected, the result has been in both States to raise the standard of teaching in the Sunday-schools. At the same time many young people have been either kept in or brought back to the Sunday-schools.

The general plan of securing in some way co-operation between the State and the Church schools has extended to other States. At a recent meeting of the Religious Education Association in Chicago it was shown that in Indiana in over twenty cities and towns classes of Protestants, of Catholics, and of Jews had been organized in accordance with a similar plan of co-operation; in the State of Washington more than thirty high schools are giving credits for Bible study pursued outside the school; and Birmingham, Alabama, has extended the system to the elementary schools as well.

There are doubtless objections to any plan of co-operation between the church schools and the public schools; but there are also objections to the present method, which leaves our children to grow up in complete ignorance

of a book which has exerted a far wider influence over the moral and spiritual life of Christendom than any other. The Outlook regards the experiments here reported as tentative only, but, whatever may result from them, we welcome the indication which they

afford of the growing purpose of the American people to incorporate in their systems of education some method of supplying the children of the Nation with ethical and spiritual ideals for the guidance of their conduct and the inspiration of their life.

MOBILIZING AMERICAN INDUSTRIES FOR DEFENSE

MAY 1 has long been known as moving day. It will have a better claim to this title after May 1, 1916, than it has had before, for on May 1 the United States will make a most promising move on the road towards scientific preparedness against war. The story of how this move will be made constitutes one of the most interesting and encouraging chapters in our modern political development. It furnishes a striking example of two of the most characteristic phases of Americanism: the reliance upon private initiative as opposed to Governmental authority, and the underlying instinct for organization which exists in our country even in the midst of our loud-heralded individualism.

In the present instance, the first call for action did come from the Government. It came in the shape of the Naval Consulting Board appointed by Secretary Daniels. And out of this Naval Consulting Board there blossomed forth a Sub-Committee on Industrial Preparedness that bids fair to dwarf in importance its parent stem.

The Chairman of this Sub-Committee is Mr. Howard E. Coffin, one of the best-known automobile engineers in the country. How he came to devote his time to this work supplies an interesting sidelight on the whole question of industrial patriotism. When the Society of Automobile Engineers chose him as one of its two representatives upon the Naval Consulting Board, he went to the directors of his concern, the Hudson Motor Car Company, and frankly stated to them the demand which his new work might make upon his time. He told them that in so far as his usefulness to his own concern went he might have to ask them to decide whether or not they would be willing to release him for this National service. His business associates patriotically took the view that the work of the Naval Consulting Board was more important than the work of any individual concern in this country. Therefore Mr. Coffin was made

foot-loose, so that he could devote all his time to the work. This is not the only example of industrial patriotism represented in the membership of the Consulting Board by any means.

Similar action was taken by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company in regard to its chief statistician, Mr. Walter S. Clifford, who is now acting as Supervising Director of the Committee on Industrial Preparedness of the Naval Consulting Board.

It was not long before Mr. Coffin and his associates discovered that their best opportunity for service lay in devoting their experience and industrial ability to bringing the manufacturing facilities of the country into organized relation with the military needs of the army and navy.

The need for industrial mobilization once granted, there arose the practical question as to how the work should be done. Plainly the job was one best suited to the engineers of the country, the men who had bottle-fed and hand-raised the astonishing variety of industrial organizations that dot our United States. So, as the next step in the programme, at the invitation of President Wilson, the presidents of the five great National technical organizations of America were asked to appoint for every State a committee to co-operate with the Naval Consulting Board. Now in every State of the Union there has been selected a committee of five men in every way equipped by training, experience, and authority to select the thousands of highly trained industrial specialists who are to carry on the work of collecting the information desired.

The work which will be laid upon these committees and these field aids has been summarized by Mr. Coffin himself in a speech recently made in New York City. Mr. Coffin said:

Under the direction of the Naval Consulting Board, and in accordance with the practice of the United States Census Office, we are having

prepared the necessary forms for the collection of the data on the industries of this country. There are about thirty thousand concerns in which in the first instance we are interested. We want to make of these concerns a business inventory embodying knowledge such as any of you as business men would want to have about a concern with which you expected to enter into serious business relations.

Each form will go out with the name of a concern filled in on which a report is to be made. When the State directors have passed on one of these forms to the man in the field, whom we will know as a field aid, that man will understand that he is assigned to the concern named in his blank. It is our plan that this first step in the move for a true preparedness shall be made during some certain month, probably during the month of May.

But, as Mr. Coffin pointed out, the completion and filing of this information concerning our American industries will mark only a very small part of the important work to be begun, it has now been officially decided, upon the first of May.

Mr. Coffin went on to say :

Now, after we have taken an inventory of our resources, we haven't really gotten very far in the line of preparedness. . . . There is not a manufacturer in this country who can start on the quantity production of shells within one year after the receipt of the order from the United States Government unless he has in time of peace and previous to the receipt of that order done shell work in his plant. . . . We are going to have to show each of our big quantity producers through educational methods how to do some one thing for our army and navy in time of need.

As a practical solution of this whole problem we propose that the Government go to the plants of this country with small annual orders for munitions. To take a case in point, suppose that we went to the Hudson Motor Car Company, which is my own concern, with an order for ten 3-inch shell casings per year, to be produced at any time during the year, during the slack time or otherwise, and with the understanding that these casings must be delivered every year. Call it war insurance, if you like, just as we carry fire insurance. Even an insignificant order like ten 3-inch shells will insure these certain things. The purchasing department of the Hudson Motor Car Company will learn how and where to buy materials; the manufacturing department of the Hudson Motor Car Company will learn how to handle these materials; it will learn as to the jig and tool equipment necessary to handle this material; it will learn the heat treatment, and our inspection department will learn the Govern-

mental standards of inspection; our engineering department will have the blueprints and specifications covering this particular line of work; and all the arguments will be gotten out of the way during the time of peace. Our business end will learn something as to Government methods of business, and our shipping departments even will learn how to crate and ship the material after it is finished. In short, we will have covered through the production of ten shells a year in our plant a great deal of the necessary educational work through which any manufacturing concern must go before they ever can learn how to produce munitions of war.

At the same gathering at which Mr. Coffin outlined his plan for data for mobilizing the industries of the United States Mr. Bascom Little, President of the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce, told of one practical instance of the difficulty of turning a machine shop into a munition-producing factory without the prearrangement made possible under the plan of the Naval Consulting Board. Mr. Little said :

The thing that has stirred up the business men, particularly of the Middle West—and I suppose in the East, although I am not familiar with that section—has been the experience that we have had, the manufacturers particularly, with this question of producing materials. That game looked so easy and so profitable when it started a year and a half ago that everybody expected he was going to get rich out of it right away. The plant with which I am connected in Cleveland got an order for 250,000 3-inch high explosive shells. It was a simple enough looking job. It was just the machining; the forgings were shipped to us, and we were supposed to finish them and deliver them. It began to dawn on us when the forgings began to come that this whole order, that looked big to us, was less than one day's work supply for France and England or Russia. . . . That was fourteen months ago. At the present time we have shipped and had accepted 130,000 shells. Those are not complete. Those still have to be fitted by the fuse-maker, they still have to be loaded, they still have to be fitted into the brass cartridge cases with the propelling charge, and somewhere, sometime, maybe, they will get on the battlefield of Europe. Up to the present time none of them have got there.

Just as the proposition to index the resources of the country available for National defense involves the training of the men in control of these industries in the manufacture of munitions of war, just so does the manufacture of these munitions involve some clear, prearranged scheme by which private industries and the Government shall agree in

advance as to the profit to be made on orders in time of war.

In Mr. F. T. Miller's article on industrial mobilization which appeared in *The Outlook* of November 17, 1915, and in our report of the action of the National Chamber of Commerce upon the question of industrial preparedness, such a programme was outlined. Mr. Little, in the same speech from which we have already quoted, affirmed his belief that such a proposition was not only practical, but desirable. As Mr. Miller pointed out last November, such a plan would not only prevent undue private profit in time of National disaster, but would also furnish the best guarantee that could be given that the interest of labor would be adequately protected. Any thorough system of industrial mobilization will inevitably require that in time of war the trained workmen of the country be kept at the machines they have learned to handle in time of peace.

Such is the purpose of the campaign of industrial mobilization which will be officially launched on May 1. The responsible leader of this campaign is the Naval Consulting Board, acting through its committee on industrial preparedness; but other organizations are working along the same lines and largely in co-operation—notably the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. That this plan of industrial preparedness will before its completion leave very few fields of activity untouched may be readily surmised from a brief account of the two latest recruits to join the campaign. If the anti-vivisectionists will pardon the metaphor, we will say that one recruit is made up of the artists of the country, and the other recruit of the advertising men of the United States. Already many of the leading illustrators and cartoonists of the country have promised to supply for the campaign posters and cartoons which can be used in educating the public in the purpose and extent of the work. Mr. Barney Link, who is extensively interested in billboard advertising, has guaranteed on behalf of the poster men of America that the work of these artists will be placed before the public in the best possible way.

Under the leadership of Mr. Herbert S. Houston, of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, and a specially appointed committee of publishers and advertising experts, there will shortly be launched an advertising campaign in the newspapers and magazines of America to carry the knowledge of

the work of the Committee on Industrial Preparedness into every part of the land. Mr. Houston recently said:

This work of the engineers for industrial preparedness means insurance against war and insurance for prosperity in time of peace. In both matters the great advertising interests of the country, federated in the Associated Advertising Clubs, have a vital interest, along with all business. The Government and the engineers realize that we control the force in the business world that can best meet the present situation, and we shall not hesitate to exert this force of advertising to serve both the Nation and all its business interests. . . . It is our purpose to have a campaign of advertising that shall be commensurate in quality and power with the great National task which the Government has asked us to join the engineers in undertaking.

This great campaign, though it has the official sanction and encouragement of the Government, is, as we have seen, very largely a matter of private enterprise. The artists and engineers, advertising men and chambers of commerce, have entered upon the work as part of the service which they owe their country. So far, so good. The question then arises, How best can this volunteer activity be crystallized into permanent achievement? When the data have been gathered, when our industries have been organized, should this great achievement be left at the mercy of a single stroke of some executive pen? Such is the danger if the work is left to depend upon the existence of a sub-committee of an unlegalized board which can be dissolved at a word from the President.

The Outlook has several times during the past few months offered its own solution to this question, a solution which has found approval in many places.

First, there should be created by Congress a National Council of Defense, composed of representatives of Congress, of the army, of the navy, and of the executive branch of the Government.

Second, there should be created by Congress a General Staff of the Navy and a General Staff of Industry to carry on the work so well begun by Mr. Coffin's Committee. A General Staff of Industry, a General Staff of the Navy, and the present General Staff of the Army, co-operating through representatives upon a Council of National Defense, could place our country on a permanent basis of preparedness that would assure us a firm foothold on the highroad to security and peace.

OUR ARMY OF EDUCATION IN MEXICO

BY GREGORY MASON

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

WHY is picturesque wickedness more attractive than colorless goodness?

If you can answer that, you can tell why Pancho Villa, the Durango bandit, has clutched harder at the hearts of the Mexican people than Venustiano Carranza, method-loving reformer of Coahuila. A great many Mexicans hate and fear Villa, but admire him. And they respect Carranza, but dislike him.

"Villa has ravaged our ranches and looted our homes, but he started the blood rushing proudly through our hearts when he raided Columbus and defied the whole gringo army. Carranza reformed the marriage laws and established prohibition, but he does not stir our imagination. His long-winded speeches are insufferably dull and we do not understand the wordy notes he writes to President Wilson."

So spake a man whose blood is half Mexican and half American, who has lived both north and south of the Rio Grande, whose sympathies in the present difficulty between Mexico and the United States are entirely with the latter nation, but who was trying in that speech to interpret for me the peculiar psychology of his Spanish-Indian fellow-citizens.

"He started the blood rushing proudly through our hearts," did the vivid Durango bad man. But the rigid good man of Coahuila never does that. Carranza's appeal, what there is of it, is to the intellect. And blood is thicker than brains in Mexico.

The marching songs adopted by the Villistas and Carranzistas tell the whole story. The impudent confidence, the humorous deviltry, of the Villa war songs is absent in the "Adelita" of the Carranzistas, with its conventional sentimentality.

As I walked my horse one drowsy afternoon past the *cuartel* (barracks) of the Carranza garrison at Nueva Casas Grandes, near General Pershing's headquarters, the quavering melody of "Adelita" reached my ears with these softly drawled words:

"Adelita, if you should run off with another man
I would follow you through eternity;
Over prairies in military trains,
Over oceans on big battle-ships,
Over mountains on a gringo aeroplane.
Adelita, if you were my wife,
I would buy you a dress made of silk,
And take you to a dance at the *cuartel* on
the hill."

Half a mile beyond the barracks, where the singers of this ballad lounged on long benches with their crossed bandoleras of cartridges catching the slanting sun, stood apart by itself a large building of brown uncovered adobe bricks with an ell of finished adobe plaster in the rear. In this store they sold a sweet yellow cheese peculiarly palatable. While a pockmarked boy slowly searched for this article for me on the dark, dusty shelves, I heard a sacrilegious sound in the rear. We were in a Carranza town, Carranza garrisoned, but in the ell a quartette aided by a guitar were softly humming the blasphemous songs of the hunted Villa.

First was that rollicking song of Villa's Dorados, his "Golden Ones"—the sure-shooting, sure-hearted outlaws whose loyalty has been rewarded with appointment to his personal body-guard:

"These are the men of Francisco Villa
Who drive before them the white-faced gringos,
As the straw that their horses stamp and scatter
In a desert march on a dusty morning."

Next that more ancient, more familiar catch "La Cucuracha" (The Cockroach), which the Villistas have adopted and expanded for their own purposes:

*"Con las barbas de Carranza
Voy hacer una toquilla
Pa poner la en el sombrero
Del valiente Pancho Villa."*

"With the whiskers of Carranza
I'm going to make a hat-band,
To hang on the sombrero
Of the valiant Pancho Villa."

And the galloping chorus, meaningless but effective as the choruses of many songs that men fight by:

"Oh, the cockroach, oh, the cockroach
Will not move, the old slow-poke,
Because it hasn't, because it hasn't
Any marihuana to smoke."

Here were the songs of Villa being sung on the sly almost within earshot of the Carranza garrison. Pancho Villa has indeed entrenched himself in the hearts of the northern Mexicans.

When the American soldiers entered Mexico, they were met by hostile looks and curt replies from many natives whose pulses had been quickened by the big peon's daring at Columbus. These men had been robbed and raided

by Villa himself, yet the first instinct of most of them was to protect him from the gringos. I say most of them, for some of them, like the surviving members of the Polanco family, who lost five male relatives to Villa's blood-madness on his flight south from Columbus, have suffered too much at his hands to forgive and forget their wrongs in the glamour of his name and fame, which sways so many Mexicans.

But after they had watched the Americans for a few days and timidly accepted the first social advances of our soldiers, these other Mexicans, who had cared more for the picturesque badness of Villa than for the colourless goodness of Carranza—even they underwent a change of heart.

The natives fled before the approach of our soldiers on the first drive into Mexico, but they soon returned when they learned that the policy of the gringos was not one of promiscuous murder, as Villa had predicted. The little towns which I passed through going into Mexico were almost deserted. The natives had fled to the recesses of the distant hills to avoid the foreigners, who, they had been taught, would spare neither man, woman, nor child. Coming out of Mexico three weeks later, I found these little villages swarming with the characteristic dirty, brown-skinned, light-hearted humanity. Slim, silent men of the north with their brightly dressed women, and with the usual herd of children scampering in the dust at their feet, stood in the doorways of their one-patterned houses flashing their teeth with a pleasant "*Buenas tardes*" at the Americans who passed through in the great "gasoline carriages."

Of course the Carranza soldiers have seen less of the Americans than the civilian Mexicans whose homes have lain in the path of our expedition. Naturally, too, the Mexican soldier has been more inclined to climb on his dignity than the civilian. Many of Carranza's armed supporters still maintain an attitude of icy chilliness toward the Americans, but for the most part the civilians who have seen our soldiers have become exceedingly friendly after the first shock of fright has worn off.

I say this, knowing that before these words are published we may be at war with Mexico, and believing that, at any rate, such a war is very likely to come, if not sooner, then later. But I also believe that this flame of hostility, if it breaks out, will be fanned by Mexicans who have seen little or nothing of our soldiers, and who have been alarmed by the

false tongues of Mexican demagogues. I believe that if our soldiers could live for a few weeks among the entire civilian population of Mexico, as they have lived among the population of a narrow strip of northern Mexico, the restoration of law and order in the whole Republic by our forces—that is, what is generally called "intervention"—could be accomplished without shedding the blood of any Mexicans but a few predestined bandits.

The American soldiers have won the friendship of the Mexicans who have had a chance to get a real acquaintance with them. They have won this friendship by constant fair dealing in their relations with the natives, by liberally disseminating American gold among the Mexicans in return for the goods of the country, and they have won it by touching the imagination of the simple-minded children of nature who make up the population of rural Mexico. That is the point that impressed me most. The Americans have piqued the curiosity of the natives, have aroused their admiration, have appealed to their imagination. By so doing they have accomplished what Carranza has failed to do—they have made it interesting to be good.

Carranza has talked a lot about reform, and he must be given credit for more than talk, too, but his accomplishments have been unnecessarily dreary. He has reckoned without the half-childish "temperament" which fills his people. He has preached a lot about economic reforms in words which the masses cannot understand, and at the same time he has filled the country with sheaf upon sheaf of worthless paper money. The gringos have not invoked a single Socialistic theory; they have merely safeguarded the ancient principle of man-to-man honest dealing, which is as old as the weights and measures of the Babylonians, and they have poured into the country a stream of bright and shiny gold and silver, pretty to look at and valuable to possess.

And, as I have already said, they have caught the popular fancy; they have almost made themselves popular heroes with some of the natives of the cold mountains of northwestern Chihuahua, although they are the traditional and legendary enemies of those mountaineers. For these natives have seen many armies in the past five years, but they have never seen such a martial, dashing, and altogether awe-inspiring army as this *ejercito gringo*. Never have they seen warriors who bulk so large on an average as these light-faced men from the far north;

never have they seen such tremendous, bounding horses as the sleek, powerful beasts which these blond giants ride. What herds of horses and mules these Americans bring with them, anyway—their country must be a very rich one! Those peculiar black, rolling kitchens, which belch forth smoke and cook the evening meal while on the march—it must have taken a magician's cunning to invent such things. Then there are those queer bicycles with engines, which dart here and there with the quickness of road-runners and eat up the ground faster than a hunted coyote. And how terrible those great motor wagons on which the gringos carry their supplies! They are three times as big as the biggest automobile which the Carranza army brought with it through the Sierra Madres from Sonora last winter. They are like houses mounted on wheels, but they cough and puff and snort like angry dragons. Last and most marvelous and most terrifying are the *aeroplanos* of the gringos, which drone down the skies like great yellow dragon-flies.

When the first American aeroplane approached Ascencion, a Mexican woman who saw it coming exclaimed to a neighbor:

"Look, Maria, at the huge, fast bird coming out of the north! How rapidly it grows larger! My God, it's not a bird, it's men!" and the poor half-Indian woman fell in a faint.

At first the farmers and their wives and children ran to hide themselves when they saw our aeroplanes coming, but when they found that the American sky-boats did not hurt them they learned to watch the aircraft with dumfounded interest. Besides, they saw it was useless to hide.

"Señor," an old Mexican said to an American officer, "how can Villa escape those great steel eagles you sail in? Holy Virgin, it is useless to try to hide from them, they see everywhere! They are the grandfathers of the hawks."

Returning to camp through the dusty streets of Casas Grandes—"Casey's Grandest," as it has been Hibernicized by the perennial Irish element in our army—a group of troopers were stopped by a dozen Carranza soldiers, stunted, underfed-looking boys, wearing the assorted uniforms of the First Chief's army: blue denim overalls and jumpers, pajama suits in browns, drabs, and grays, and khaki imitations of the American uniform bought from unscrupulous clothiers of Juarez.

"*Compañeros*," they hailed, "how many *aeroplanos* have you—three hundred?"

"Yes," replied our troopers, glad that the Mexicans did not know that, thanks to the shortsightedness of Congress, at that time we had only six aeroplanes in Mexico, and those old and small.

"Can they drop big fire from the clouds?" continued the Mexican spokesman in English.

"Yes, yes," said our men, conscienceless, for the fact is that not one of our aeroplanes in Mexico carries either bombs or a machine gun, none of them being fit for anything but scouting service over a very restricted area. "Yes, they drop huge bonfires from the sky."

Although Carranza has employed aeroplanes, he has never campaigned with them in the hill country where our expedition is traveling, and only the few natives who had been to Mexico City or the American border had ever seen an air-ship before.

The people of this region are much like the Indians of our West fifty years ago—that is to say, by comparison with any civilized people they are simple-minded savages. The Indian strain is stronger in them than in the Mexicans of the cities and of some other rural parts of the country, and they are full of the superstitions and fears of a primitive race. White men they have seen often enough, but white soldiers none of them have ever seen, except the few old patriarchs who recall the American expedition into Chihuahua after the Apache chief Geronimo.

After the aeroplanes, the features of our expedition that most astonish them are the uniformity of the accouterments of our men, the scarcity of flags and other glory-hinting regalia, in comparison with a Mexican army, and the general strict discipline and atmosphere of grim attention to business which they find in our army.

Last, but not least, the Mexicans marvel at the Negro regiments, of which there are four, or parts of four, in the expedition. The Negroes, by the way, make splendid soldiers. They are, on the whole, more proud of the uniform than the white men, they are more amenable to discipline, less inclined to grumble, and they are fully as brave and enduring as the whites, although they have less individual mentality and initiative. Most of them are Negroes from the Southern States, and most of them are commanded by officers from the South, whom they understand and respect thoroughly.

Perhaps it is because the Negroes do look to them more ferocious and formidable than the white soldiers, or perhaps it is because

they have learned the contempt of familiarity for the white Americans, having done as they pleased with American civilians in Mexico for several years, that the Mexicans are much more in awe of the colored men than of the white. In their half-savage minds the peons have already concocted a mythology about the Negro which paints him as a terrible creature, tireless and almost invulnerable, whose favorite food is tender Mexican baby.

But, while making it interesting for the Mexicans to be good, our soldiers have also made it extremely profitable.

During the past five years northwestern Chihuahua has been under seven "governments," some of them at times strong enough to deserve that name, others mere *juntas* too weak to protect society from its enemies. There were the Porfiristas, the Maderistas, the Red Flaggers or Colorados, then the Maderistas again, the Huertistas, the Villistas, and now the Carranzistas. Each régime has forced its money on society. The old Mexican silver coinage has grown increasingly scarce as the market has been glutted with almost worthless fiat paper currency. Carranza money is now worth about three cents gold on the dollar, but many storekeepers will not take it at all.

When our army entered Mexico, some of these storekeepers who lived near the line of the expedition sent to "the States" for a new stock of goods and reopened shops.

Naturally, these storekeepers and those who had managed to keep their stores running in spite of the hard times were more than ever averse to accepting the Carranza paper with good American gold and silver to be had. There were some clashes between storekeepers and Carranza soldiers who insisted that the paper money with which they are paid is legal tender.

I was in a little store run by an American in Colonia Dublan when a Carranza private entered. After selecting some articles he threw down a paper five-peso note on the counter.

"I am sorry, but I cannot take that," said the storekeeper.

"Why not? It's good, isn't it?" asked the soldier.

"Mr. Carranza says so," replied the merchant; "but, unfortunately, I have to buy my stock in El Paso, where they are selling bills of this kind as curios. I can't take it."

"You'll have to take it!" answered the Mexican, a squall of rage crossing his face.

"I'll report you to my colonel, and he'll make you take it."

"Give your colonel my regards," the American answered as the soldier drew his serape about him and started to leave. "It is not your colonel's fault and it is not your fault that this money is worthless. But while the American army is here I will not take such money, and if the army leaves I leave too."

Other storekeepers, even natives, have taken the same stand, to the discomfort of the poor Carranzistas. With the gold standard in operation a Carranza soldier must save his wages for two or three days to buy a package of cigarettes. The sudden elevation of the cost of living for Mexicans near the American camp has had its humorous aspects. Some of the *soldaderas*, the women who travel with all Mexican armies, left their husbands in the garrison at Casas Grandes, railing at the poor men because of the sudden depreciation in the purchasing power of their wages. Approaching the members of an American outpost detachment, they offered themselves in matrimony to the men who had so much silver. They were surprised to learn that American soldiers are not allowed to take their wives with them on campaign, and they went back to their former husbands in much disappointment.

With Carranza money greatly depreciated in value, and with food scarce after five years of revolutions and plundering, our army has been the forerunner of commerce and prosperity in the parts of Mexico which it has visited.

A market was opened on the east bank of the Rio Casas Grandes soon after General Pershing established his headquarters there. Several Mexican peddlers who had been selling their wares in the town gave that up and drew permanent positions in the open-air market, where they have been doing a tremendous business in bread, milk, candy, tobacco, and curios. Several Chinamen, with the usual keen instinct of their kind for profit, set to work at once and built a combination laundry and restaurant.

This market was put under the control of Captain William McKinley, of the Eleventh Cavalry.

It is his duty to see fair play between vender and vendee, and he has been doing it well. The Mexicans are permitted to charge high but not exorbitant prices, and they are protected against chicanery on the part of the soldiers. The natives are upheld in de-

manding as much as ten cents (gold) apiece for fresh eggs, and twenty-five cents (gold) for a loaf of bread. But, on the other hand, fair play is insisted on. A soldier who passed an old Philippine coin in place, for instance, of a five-dollar gold piece, was brought to justice sharply by Captain McKinley.

General Pershing, although weighted with the military details of the expedition, is much interested in its diplomatic and social sides. He is putting to good use the experience which he gained in the Philippines in winning the confidence of a half-wild people. Thus

far the military and punitive phases of the expedition have been equaled in interest by the social and educational. The Mexicans who have seen our soldiers have learned that we do not rape, burn, and murder, as they expected; that, on the contrary, we restore order to a country that has had only disorder for five years. And on top of that they find that we willingly exchange our good money at high prices for the products of the country. Not as a punitive expedition, but as a campaign of education, General Pershing's trip through Mexico is bearing its richest fruit.

THE PRE-NOMINATION CAMPAIGN

THE MAKING OF THE NATION

STAFF CORRESPONDENCE BY FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

"To form a more perfect Union, to establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity."

"It is Prussian discipline that is crowding the world so hard, and the question is whether democracy can produce the discipline to match and overcome it."

THE political issue of 1916 is the issue of a thoroughly disciplined Americanism. There is no escaping it. In other words, how America may be efficient, united, and free. It is distressing to observe that the newly chosen Republican key-noter, Senator Warren G. Harding, strikes a false chord in tuning up his instrument. Immediately upon his selection he tells the Hamilton Club in Chicago that the principal issue is the tariff. Why, bless his dear Ohio heart, the Democrats will have a tariff board inaugurated before the Republican Convention meets! And after that there ain't no such animal as a tariff issue. Tariffs will be calmly and deliberately determined upon by experts, and political tariff-fixing and tariff-issue-raising by either party will be a thing of the past. Get in tune, Senator Harding, get in tune!

It is easy to see why the eagerness about purely social regeneration, concerning which we heard so much in 1912, is not so marked, and why an adequate programme of military and naval defense is at the fore. Social preparedness, without a strong arm of physical

defense, will not save. Belgium was a country of fine social welfare and resource in July, 1914. And when the sun set in August, 1914, there was neither Belgium nor social resource. To think constantly of peace will not insure peace. To possess the blessings of liberty without providing for their defense is no guarantee of their permanence either for ourselves or for our children. The watchdog, the safety vault, the policeman, the court, the army, the navy, are still indispensables in a real world in which sentimentalism is under the control of sound judgment. And so American public opinion is under headway first to prepare and make fit the military and naval arm of the Nation.

But the process of reflection is only begun. The adequacy of army or navy depends, first of all, upon what we are going to defend. Is it our own soil, the Western Hemisphere, the Philippines? Our obligations after the war? Our influence for democracy throughout the world? Or what are we going to defend, anyhow? And the next question is, are we going to do it alone, or are we going to recognize among the nations those whose general aims and ideals are sufficiently like our own to enable us to join with them in a common purpose? If we are to unite with nobody, then we must be prepared to stand off the world.

And there are other serious reflections. We have spent three billions in war preparation in twenty years. What have we to show for it? We have destroyers enough to

circle and protect our dreadnoughts. Have we anything like destroyers enough to circle and protect our battle-ships? And, if not, could the fleet ever go to sea to meet an enemy? We have mighty harbor defenses at vast expenditure. Are they really all manned by expert humans, or are some of them manned by caretakers? What about the submarine and aeroplane branch of the service? How would our navy of these later years prove out in an efficiency test?

And with respect to the army, world events seem not to have done much more than stir slightly the stagnant waters of American popular opinion. The demonstrated waste and inefficiency of the voluntary system excite no vivid apprehension. The gloomy experience of Washington with the volunteers of the Revolution, and the fearful debt in wealth and mourning which the Nation has been forced to pay because it was not ready to crush rebellion in 1860, have not yet struck home with the force of conviction. You feel this National inertness at its worst in the Congressional center of government in the city of Washington. The country came to regard a Republican Congress as unfit to rule because, though possessed of a very considerable intelligence, it persisted in its desire to govern in the interest of a class and not of the whole people. The country now has reason to regard the Democratic Congress as unfit to rule because of its pettiness and provincialism and lack of the rudiments of statesmanlike brain power. The doctrine of States' rights still means more to some Southern Congressmen than the salvation of their souls, to say nothing of the soul of the country. They come to Washington to enjoy an income greater, perhaps, than anybody in their district has the means to enjoy; but when they arrive, there seems to be nothing in their grips except a theory of the Constitution. And it is the States' rights doctrine plus an appetite for "pork" which are about to foist on the country that bedevilment of a genuine preparedness known as the Federalized militia bill. Waste, irresponsibility, inefficiency, and the political hieroglyphics of a subtle militarism are writ large in that measure. You cannot go about the gigantic task of the making on this continent of a real democratic nation after this fashion. If the people of the United States knew what was good for their peace, they would away with these makeshifts and these Congressional make-shifters.

There will not long be any democratic nation in the world unless democracy learns to defend itself broadly and intelligently. As a part of the whole process of the education for citizenship, it must needs be instilled into the whole people that each man must bear the burden of defense for freedom and the right in the way in which he is best fitted to bear it. There is paid and political militarism in the Hay Bill. The subordination of social and industrial life to military and naval policies and authorities is the bulwark and protection of a royal dynasty. But *militarism* and a *republic* are essentially incompatible and irreconcilable. Switzerland and Australia have shown democracies the way. They have shown how preparation for war may be made subordinate to preparation for peace. They have shown how industrial and vocational training may dominate the martial. They have shown how physical discipline may contribute to moral and to National discipline. They have shown how hoodlumism may give place to respect for authority and order and the rights of others. These are the most democratic countries in the world. There are no countries in the world where so much is done for the betterment of the masses. There are no countries in the world in which there is greater appreciation of the worth of the individual and, at the same time, of the worth of the Nation. They are peaceful, prosperous peoples who do not wish war, but are not sure that their natural antagonists feel the same way about it. They regard full preparation for defense as a great system of national insurance which costs nothing because it is paid for in advance by the added efficiency and discipline of the whole population. And so great has been the success of it in these two splendid democracies that political parties, parents, and employers alike are won to it as the safety and the hope of the nation.

The adaptation of the Swiss or Australian democratic system of physical, moral, and martial discipline would be one long step in the making of the Nation of the United States. If such a system were in operation in a population of a hundred millions of people, and there could be at the same time the spirit behind it which animates the two sister republics, there is no nation in the world, nor any group of nations, no matter how eagerly they might be looking for trouble, which would give the slightest consideration to attacking us. And we should get, along with

it, a marvelous individual and social discipline which would be worth far more than it cost. The little sisters, Switzerland and Australia, point the way of peace and democracy to the big sister Republic.

And the great war has opened our eyes to the need of a broad National spirit in industry. We must at once come to an intelligent understanding with both capital and labor. There is a deplorable lack of patriotism and unity stirred up through industrial strife in the United States. And during the last fateful months we have had it borne in upon us that armies in the field are nothing without a frictionless mobilization of industry behind them. It is at this point that Germany has proved herself immeasurably superior to England. I do not refer simply now to that remarkable survey which Mr. Howard Coffin's sub-committee of the Naval Advisory Board is at present making of industry in the United States. This is, of course, of the highest value. It is important to take a census of every concern that is capable under any circumstances of manufacturing munitions and the materials which go into the making of munitions. It is important to be able to get in an emergency the optical glass for periscopes somewhere else than in Germany. It is important to be able to get the nitrates nearer home than Chile. It is important that manufacturers should become skillful in turning out every year at least examples of what the Government wants, under Government tests, so as to be ready at any time to begin work on an order of any size. It is important to organize transportation in such a way that the Government's armies may be able to use at once the service of the trained civilian administrators. It is important to register the serviceable manhood of the United States in advance, as in Germany, so that the Government may know approximately what every man may be able to do best for his country in time of peril. It is important to provide beforehand for the organized care of the non-combatant population in time of war. Because all this makes for peace and discipline and power. The United States probably controls at least one-half of the tools of industry of the world, and, wisely organized in a crisis, probably has the capacity to manufacture more than one-half of all the war supplies and munitions which the world could produce. With our ocean barriers and our vast human and physical resources, there is no nation and no group of nations which

would go up against an industrial mobilization like that.

That is, if the spirit of wisdom and unity and patriotism were behind it all. A nation prepared means a nation in which capital and labor have come to a just and equitable understanding with each other and with the Government of the country. I mean that the country ought to know and capital ought to know pretty soon under what conditions great business enterprises can be carried forward. Neither the people of the United States nor their representatives in Washington have yet thought that out. The safe social as well as economic size of industrial units, the field in which free and fair competition is practicable, and those areas in which it is not practicable—neither the political leadership of the United States nor the people have come to a conclusion about it, and American industry halts and chafes under the restraint. As between the men at the top in industry and the men who toil, Lawrence and Paterson and Ludlow and a long line of disquieting disturbances testify to the lack of unity and sympathy and co-operation.

It is a real part of National preparedness for both peace and war that in advance of armed conflict and as a part of the defense against it the Government should prepare beforehand the spirit and the programme of both capital and labor. And this implies a real government and a real leadership in Washington. Should corporations be compelled in time of war to accept Government contracts at cost, plus a fixed percentage of profits, and be under the necessity of giving the preference in the use of their facilities to the public business? Should labor be bound in honorable understanding to sacrifice gladly in time of National stress, for the country's sake, some of the healthy and wholesome restrictions with respect to hours and conditions of toil which have been wrung from unwilling industrial overseers?

This is what it came to in England when the war broke out, but with what loss of time and cost of sympathy and unity! Kitchener went to the labor leaders, and in his own brusque way demanded that they work longer hours and at greater speed. And the representatives of the workingmen asked what assurance the General could give that the former conditions would return after the war. And Kitchener could only reply: "I will do my best." "Only do your best, after the strikes and starvation and all that we and our

families and our forebears have suffered in England for a hundred years to secure our little measure of freedom from economic serfdom?" We must remember that British statesmen have not been as wise as Bismarck. Germany had no labor problem at the beginning of the war. Her millions of workingmen were ready and determined to serve the state, because the state had long served them and their families and protected them from the dread specter of old age and sickness and want. And then Lloyd George went to the labor leaders, and he did much better, although the Government made the mistake of allowing seventy thousand skilled workmen to go to the front, and in their place unskilled men were speeded into worry and overfatigue and drink. And then the labor leaders turned to Lloyd George again and said: "Some of these munitions people who used to make thirty-five thousand pounds profit a year are now making three hundred and fifty thousand pounds. Why should they not give up something?" And the truth was forced home upon the Government of England that the country, to be genuinely prepared, must be in a position of authority, if the crisis comes, to regulate wages and hours without strikes; must be in a position also to limit profits. And much precious time was lost in England in putting all this into the shape of an agreement and getting it through Parliament. It is a part of industrial preparedness for the United States to be able to take advantage of this lesson from England. Has the Government the power to do this under our present Constitutional provisions? If not, then we should prepare the Constitutional phase and secure the fullest authorization to mobilize our industrial resources in time of National emergency.

And not less than ever, but more than ever, in the name of National unity and preparation, the country must go on with the plans for a broader social welfare for the working classes of the United States. If lack of economy and efficiency in State and National administration has chilled our ardor for this sort of social regeneration, then we must have the economy and efficiency. If prejudice against the German method of imposing welfare from above stands in the way, then we must work out these reforms after such a fashion that they shall be our own, a part of ourselves. Like Bismarck, we must regard labor as a National asset, and not as a commodity to be exploited. We do not

need to imitate the form nor the method, but it is no disgrace to imitate the spirit which has warred against disease and taken the sting of fear and dire want out of old age and accident and ill health and death, which has eliminated unemployment, and through a practically efficient system of education has developed a nation of experts and prepared a generation of children for greater fullness of life.

And the Government is not thereby purchasing the patriotism of the working class. But it is strengthening enormously the physical, mental, and moral resources upon which patriotism may draw. It is enormously contributing to the efficiency of democracy. And it is the inevitable goal to which National preparedness leads. If every citizen is a prospective soldier, it is especially desirable in a democracy that all citizens should be healthy, willing soldiers. It is even likely that the broader outlook upon National need which the war has brought us may change the attitude of public opinion and of some courts toward legislation which contributes to industrial and social welfare. Health and fair hours for labor and a living wage may now be reckoned to be more than ever matters of National concern. It may even seem the natural function of government to protect, not only infants and lunatics, but those also who suffer from economic duress. It may more than ever seem necessary and desirable to protect the weak against the strong. To secure loyalty and co-operation in time of danger it is necessary that great masses of men should look upon their Government as worth while, upon their country as worth fighting for.

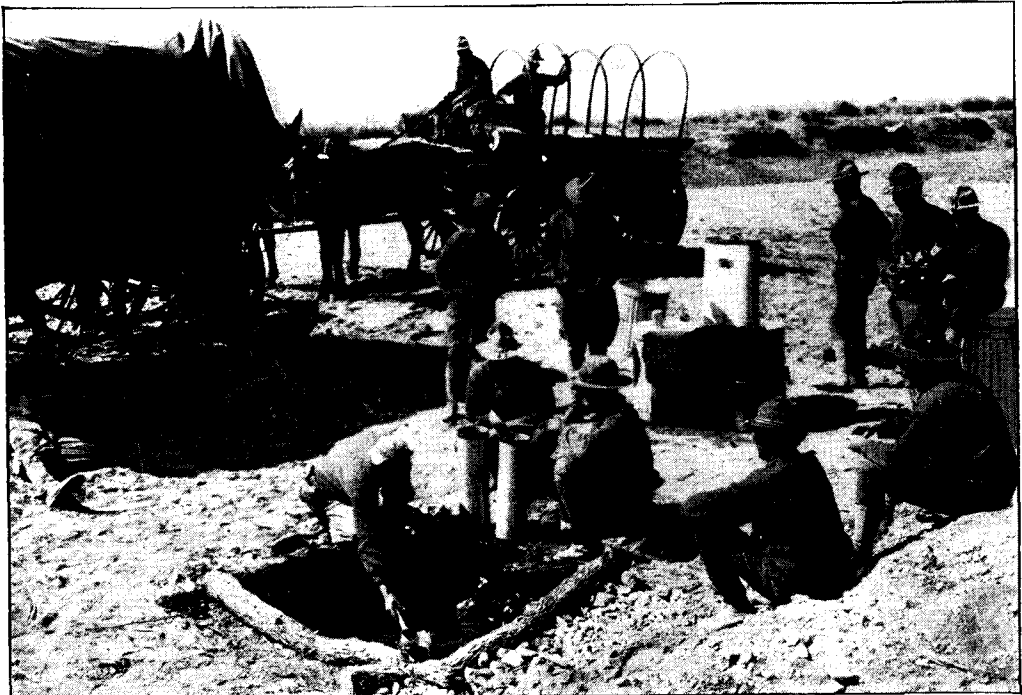
The approaching National campaign is disappointing the hope and the expectation of the friends of reaction who believed that liberalism had had its fling and was dead in America for a generation. In a lightning flash the war has shown that the safety of the country demands far more radical advances than the stoutest liberals had conceived. Again, as in 1858, the ideas and the convictions of Stephen A. Douglas and Abraham Lincoln face each other in mortal conflict. As then over the slavery question, so now over the issue of National preparation for a long and difficult future, the *laissez-faire*, squatter sovereignty, easy-going inertia of Douglas is seeking to quench the profound sense of National duty, the broad National spirit and integrity, of Lincoln.

Washington, April 18, 1916.

Current Events Pictorially Treated



LOADING CORN BOUGHT FROM MEXICAN FARMERS NEAR CASAS GRANDES



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DRAWING WATER FROM AN IMPROVISED WELL IN THE BED OF THE RIVER NEAR CASAS GRANDES
IN DRIEST MEXICO

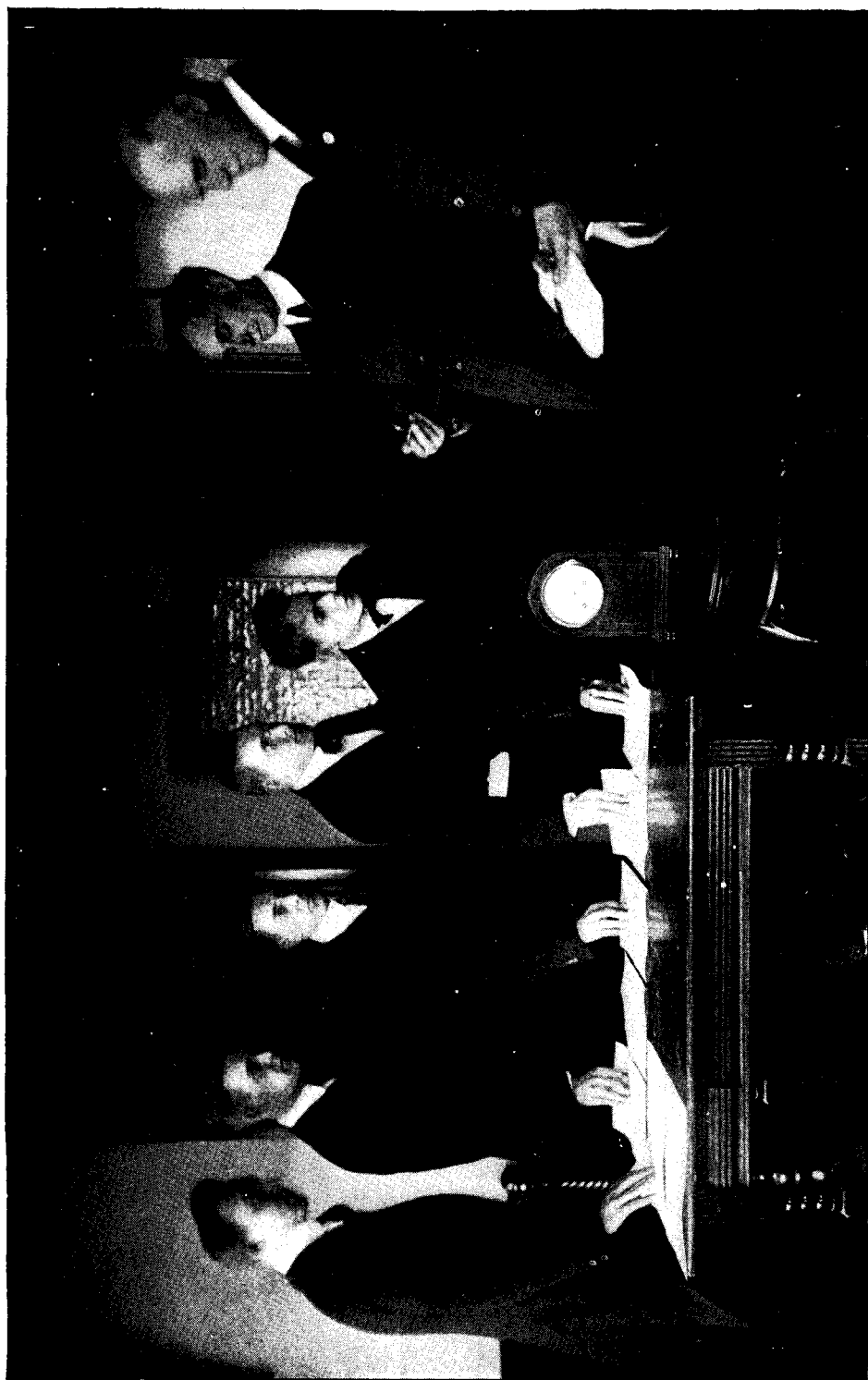
The American Punitive Expedition has had to pass through a desert country in its pursuit of Villa. On this and the next page are shown some incidents of the march. See Mr. Gregory Mason's article in this issue



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A FRIENDLY GROUP OF MEXICANS AND UNITED STATES SOLDIERS

Notwithstanding the hostile attitude of some Mexicans toward the United States forces that are trying to help Mexico restore order, many Mexicans have received the troopers in the friendliest spirit. A group of these are shown in the picture selling their wares to the soldiers. See Mr. Gregory Mason's article elsewhere in this issue



PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRIS & EWING

THE DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE RELEASING IMPORTANT INFORMATION ON THE COTTON CROP

All the world wants to know how much cotton was consumed last month and how much is held in stock by the manufacturers. This information has an important bearing on the price, both to the consumer and the producer. This report is issued by the Census Bureau, Department of Commerce, and every possible safeguard is thrown around it to prevent the leaking of advance information. The report is prepared by a special "cotton section," locked in a room which has no telephone. A time is set for the release of the report to the newspapers, and the Director of the Census in person holds the watch to make sure the release is dashed at the right time. As soon as the time is announced newspaper men grab the sheets which they have been holding on a table and rush them to the wires. Samuel L. Rogers, Director of the Census (standing next to the clock) is shown holding his watch just before time is called.

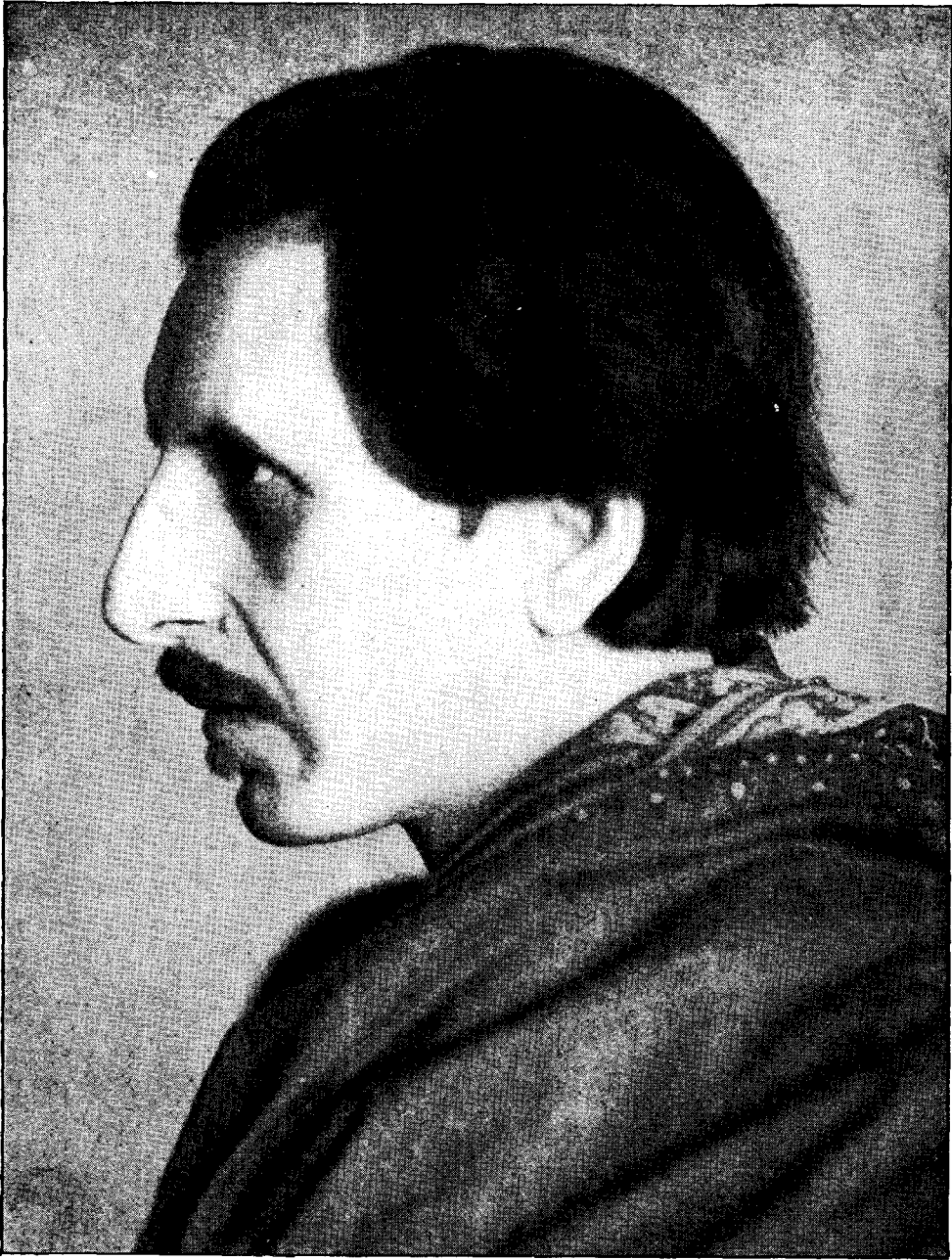


PHOTOGRAPH BY ARNOLD GENTHE

RATAN DEVI (MRS. ANANDA K. COOMARASWAMY) IN ONE OF HER COSTUME RECITALS

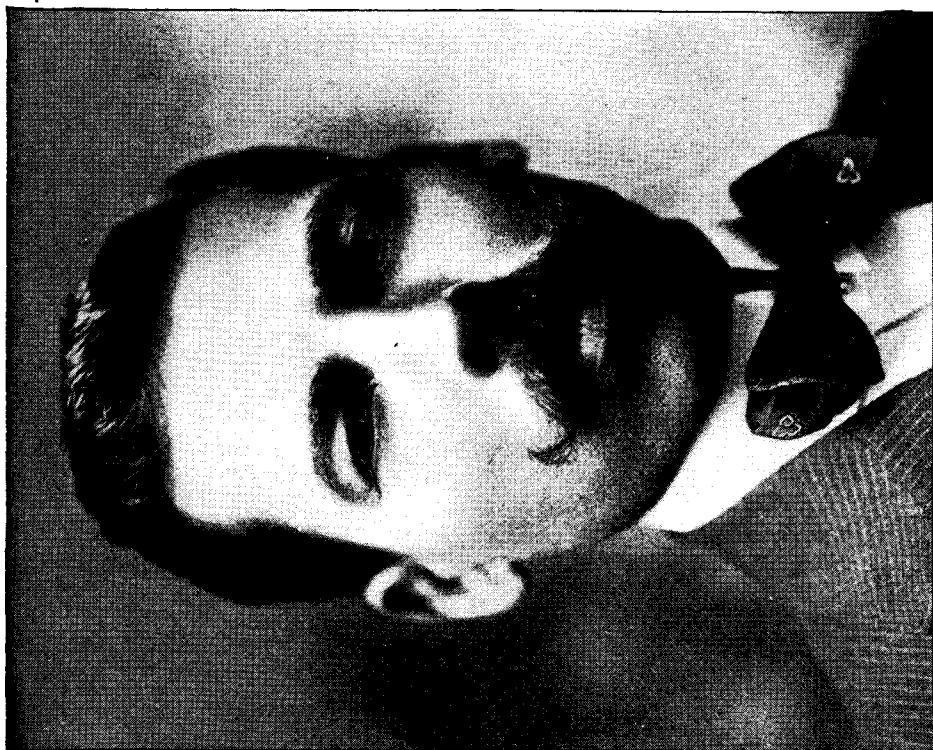
INTERPRETERS OF THE SOUL OF

See editorial comment on these interesting



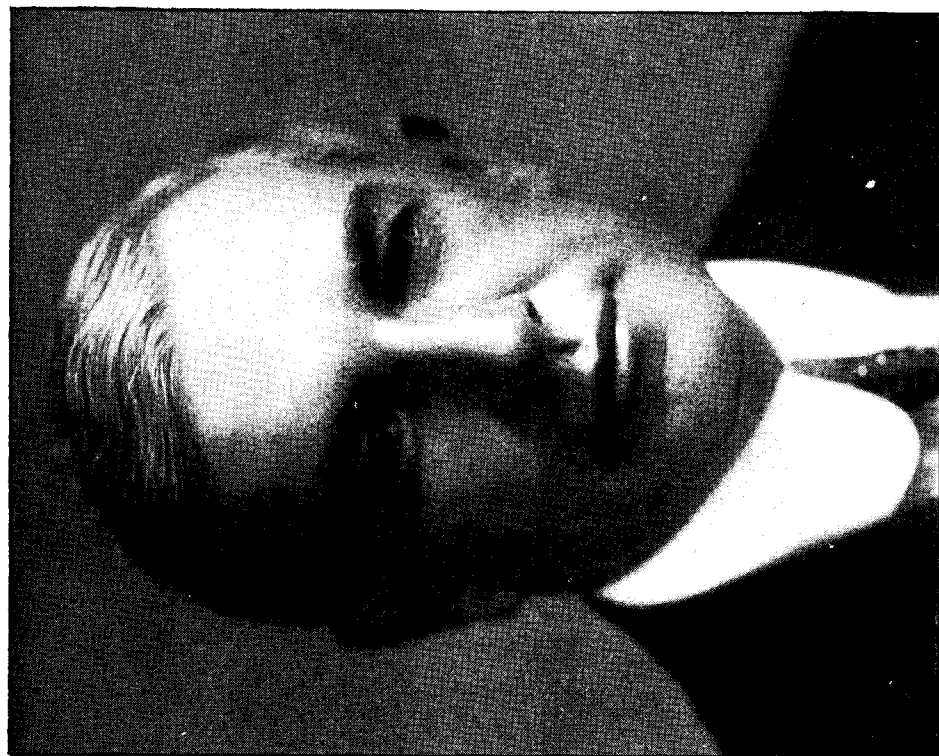
PHOTOGRAPH BY ALVIN LANGDON COBURN

DR. ANANDA K. COOMARASWAMY, LECTURER ON AND TRANSLATOR OF EAST INDIAN SONGS
HINDU MUSIC TO THE WESTERN WORLD
exponents of the culture of the East



PHOTOGRAPH BY CLINEBINST

SEÑOR ARREDONDO
Carranza's Ambassador Designate at Washington



PHOTOGRAPH FROM PAUL THOMPSON

HENRY PRATHER FLETCHER
The new United States Ambassador to Mexico

IN THE FOREFRONT OF THE DIPLOMATIC NEGOTIATIONS BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO



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J. H. SHEA, AMBASSADOR TO CHILE

Judge Shea was born in Indiana in 1863; he was Chief Justice of the Appellate Court of Indiana when he received his appointment as Ambassador

NEWLY APPOINTED AMERICAN AMBASSADORS



PHOTOGRAPH BY PREESS ILLUSTRATING SERVICE

DAVID R. FRANCIS, AMBASSADOR TO RUSSIA

Mr. Francis was born in Kentucky in 1850; he has been Mayor of St. Louis, Governor of Missouri, and U. S. Secretary of the Interior



PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL THOMPSON

OPENING OF THE BASEBALL SEASON—THE BOYS SEE A "BIG LEAGUE" GAME
UNDER THE CENTER FIELD FENCE



EARTH'S EASTER

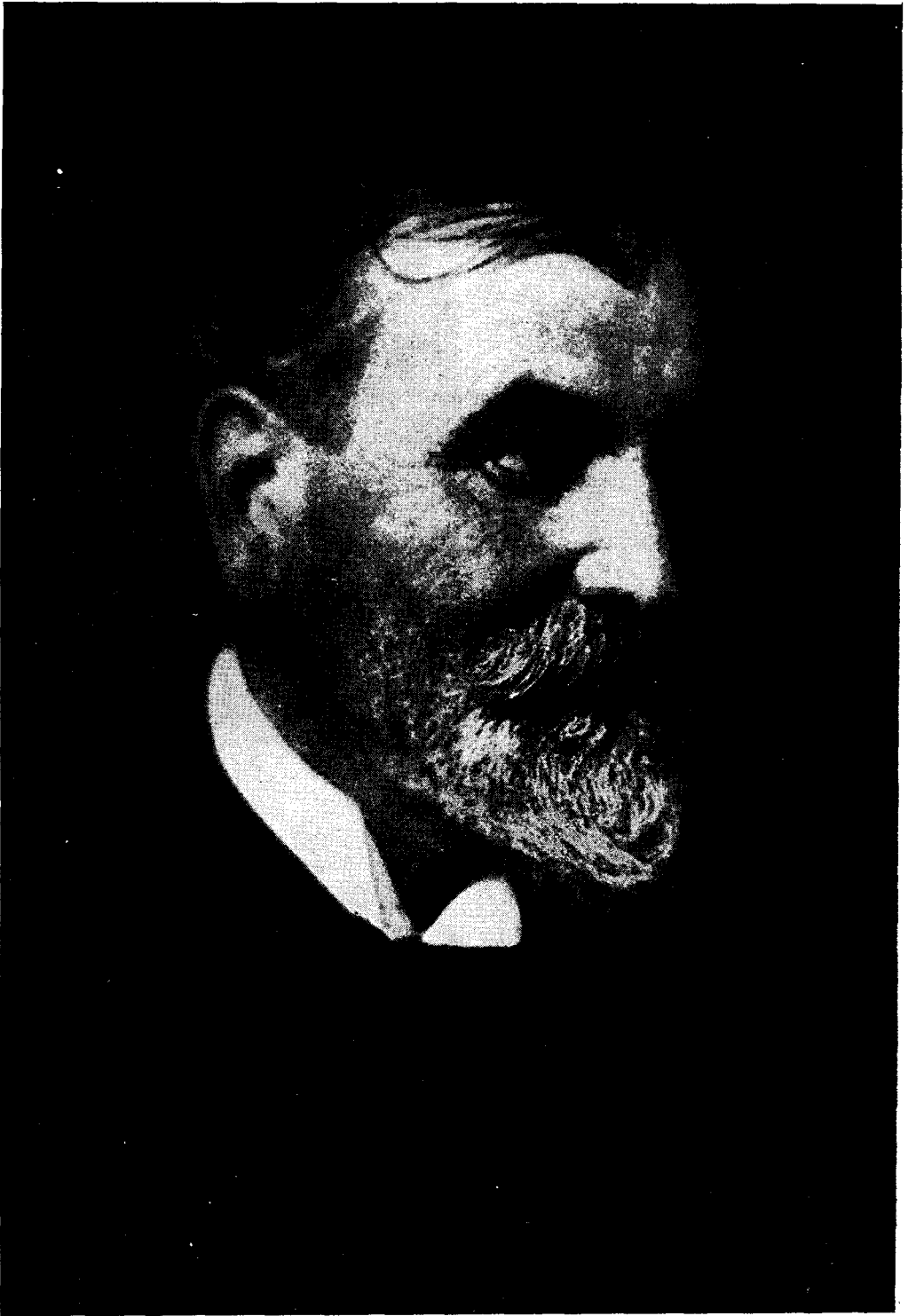
MCMXVI

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

Earth has gone up from its Gethsemane,
And now on Golgotha is crucified;
The spear is twisted in the tortured side:
The thorny crown still works its cruelty.
Hark! while the victim suffers on the tree,
There sound through starry spaces, far and wide,
Such words as in the last despair are cried:
"My God! my God! Thou hast forsaken me!"

But when earth's members from the cross are drawn,
And all we love into the grave is gone,
This hope shall be a spark within the gloom:
That, in the glow of some stupendous dawn,
We may go forth to find, where lilies bloom,
Two angels bright before an empty tomb.





ANATOLE LE BRAZ

THE GENIUS OF FRANCE

BY ANATOLE LE BRAZ

Anatole Le Braz is one of the distinguished contemporary literary men of France. He was born in Brittany and lives in Rennes, which was the ancient capital of Brittany when that province was an independent duchy. An expert in the lore and history of Brittany, he has written many books of prose, as well as some poetry, which have given him not only an academic but a popular reputation throughout France. He is associated with the University of Rennes as one of its professors, and is also an *Officier* of the Legion of Honor, which means that the French Government has recognized his national influence. He has an unusually engaging personality, as his portrait, printed on the opposite page, indicates. Having visited the United States more than once for the purpose of giving lectures on certain phases of French life and literature, he has had special opportunities for understanding and appreciating those ideals of individual and national life which are common both to France and to the United States. The fact that his wife is an accomplished American gives him an additional ground for this international sympathy. It may be added that his present article was written in French and has been especially translated for The Outlook.—THE EDITORS.

I HAVE often had occasion to talk to groups of Americans about the mental and moral attitude of France in the present crisis. In this article it is her habitual, her undying attitude, if I may so express it, that I desire to characterize. In other words, I would like to show the underlying reasons why France is France—to portray briefly, but clearly if possible, the essential traits of her genius.

Every one knows what is meant by the genius of a people. It is, first, the sum of the native qualities which the nation derives from its remote ancestry, and which it develops, in accordance with the law of its temperament, during the course of its history. But it must not be forgotten that national genius or character is also the sum of the nation's defects. Our defects are to a large extent only the exaggeration or the reverse side of our qualities. And perhaps in even larger measure than our qualities they enter into the constitution of our moral personality. It is our defects which bear our individual impress, which are specifically ours, and thus particularly differentiate us from our neighbors. If all the world were perfect, an intolerable sameness would be stamped upon humanity from one end of the earth to the other. "For the love of God," some one has exclaimed, "let me retain my defects! That is the only thing I really have." Moreover, there are some really quite captivating human defects. But it is important to control them so that they may never become obnoxious.

What are the qualities and what the defects

which form the basic elements of the French genius?

It is impossible to answer this question without briefly reviewing the historical and geographical forces which have brought that genius into being. Let us glance for a moment at the map of France. It discloses a portion of western Europe so curiously configured that it thrusts out its peninsulas like the tentacles of a gigantic jellyfish. Geographically towards the north, the west, the south, France appears to be a kind of ganglion or nodal point. She presents an aspect of a compact entity or of a geographical organism in harmonious equilibrium. And that is indeed the primary characteristic of France.

By her very physical configuration she gives the impression that she is a harmony. It can be said of her, compared with bigger countries, "She is not large, but she is admirably proportioned."

Like every harmony, she is at once unified and diverse; she is a diversity in unity. Look over her relatively small superficial area, from the slightly undulating plains of the north, where the great poplars are silhouetted along the slow-moving waters, to the Mediterranean promontories, crowned by parasol pines and balmy with the odor of fields of violets. We discover a gamut of extraordinarily varied regions, of which no one resembles another in soil, climate, or products, but all of which delicately blend one into the other by a series of almost imperceptible modulations so as to produce a unique single composition, each tone retaining its distinct value in the total

harmony. Try to find any kind of landscape which in some degree France does not possess at some one point in her territory. She has the gentle slopes where the grapes from her vineyards are full of the most generous wine; and, in like measure, she has high mountains, displaying on two of her frontiers the white drapery of their eternal snows. France has everything—everything except the desert, which is a void in human life, and is, by this very definition, inhospitable.

One cannot conceive of a French desert; because—and I claim as witnesses all of you who have ever visited France—the most noticeable element of this country as soon as one approaches it is its atmosphere of hospitality; something—I know not what—of openness, accessibility, affability, which one inhales everywhere with the air one breathes. One feels that it is a land friendly to man; a human country, a country in which the smallest detail seems to have been foreseen, weighed, and calculated with exact care in order to make life easier, and, in consequence, more full of delight. Never too much of anything nor too little of anything. Everything is well proportioned, even the sky. It was one of your own countrymen—an American—who called my attention to this, not without a touch of humor: “With you,” he said, “the sky, which in America loses itself in dizzy heights, seems to bend over you as though it would like to take you by the hand. It is so close to you that you can almost live in touch with its celestial inhabitants. It is but natural that you should regard them as your partners, your colleagues, your friends. This feeling has doubtless given rise to your proverb—a proverb which is nowhere so appropriate as in France—*“Aide-toi, le ciel t’aidera.”* (Help thyself, and Heaven will help thee.)

Certain it is that the sky of France in its full length and breadth, even in the most inclement seasons, is a merciful, helpful sky. It knows neither excessive cold nor excessive heat, and if it has its caprices, its changes of humor—a way it has of avoiding monotony, perhaps—it never pushes these changes to an extreme. Even when it weeps profusely it is always ready to smile. It is a sky under which it is good to live. The sky co-operates with the earth in giving to the atmosphere of France an alluring power, the charm of which you Americans, above all others, so loyally concede.

Whenever you Americans mention my

country, you say, not “France,” but “La belle France” (beautiful France), evidently because, in your opinion, the thought of France is inseparable from the thought of beauty. And it is not I, you may rest assured, who will protest against such a sentiment. But, nevertheless, let me be a little modest in my own claims for France. Beauty is not the exact attribute that I would wish to ascribe to her. There are, under other skies, other lands to which the term “beautiful” more properly belongs. I more readily leave it to them when I recall that beauty is not necessarily synonymous with attractiveness. There is a beauty that is cold, hard, imperious, even hostile, which antagonizes rather than attracts. No, the true epithet for France was discovered by the first of her great national poets, the unknown singer of the “Chanson de Roland,” who at the dawn of her history christened her *France la Douce*—Gentle France!

Gentleness! Yes, that is, I believe, the characteristic attribute of France. It is this gentleness, this benignity of climate and soil, which have given France a place apart among other European nations, and early made her a meeting-place sought out by all races. She has always been *recherché*—out of the common, of peculiar attractiveness—and that is why, quite naturally, all the world has paid court to her. Towards her, the magnetic pole of Europe, all routes converge—even across the Alps and the Pyrenees, which open their massive portals to allow them a passage. And on four sides four seas, instead of limiting her frontiers, extend them, for they put her in touch with the whole world. Through these four ever-open entrances—the Mediterranean, the Atlantic, the English Channel, and the North Sea—France may go to the world and the world may come to France. And from time immemorial neither has failed to take advantage of this interchange of acquaintance and communication. We thus naturally come to a consideration of the historic influences which have co-operated with geographical conditions in the formation of the genius of France.

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One of the four seas to which I have alluded is the Mediterranean—the Mediterranean which, to the melodious chant of its waves, cradled the first dreams of a new-born civilization; the Mediterranean of which the poet Mistral said that one must have

quaffed its magic draught in order to claim the right to be called civilized; the Mediterranean from whose breezes France has inhaled time after time the ancient wisdom of Assyria, Egypt, and Greece.

But the other seas that wash her shores have not served her less faithfully. Was it not through them that the ancient Phœnician and Carthaginian navigators were obliged to pass in order to seek among the fogs of the unknown north the two products most in demand in the days of primitive civilization—the tin of the Scilly Islands and the amber of the Baltic? In their perilous voyages these hardy explorers found France just at the right moment. She afforded them many small harbors on the shores of the Atlantic, the Channel, and the North Sea, whose charm and hospitality were so enticing that when they left they left with regret—sometimes, indeed, they refused to leave her at all! It is even said that the inhabitants of the Pointe de Penmarch'h in Brittany are the descendants of a Phœnician colony whose ethnological traits may still be found in the characteristics, customs, and dress of the present-day inhabitants!

But it is not a mere matter of tradition, it is a certainty, that France is a country of immemorial civilization. A human and hospitable country, it has from the earliest ages attracted and assimilated humanity. The megalithic monuments with which its soil bristles are probably the work of the race of builders who erected the obelisks of Thebes and Luxor. Into what abysses of the past such testimony plunges us! Much later, in the twilight dawn of history, the Liguri appeared, about whom little is known except that they were dark-skinned, small, supple, agile, active, and industrious. But that is enough to give ground for the assertion that more than one drop of Ligurian blood flows in the veins of the Frenchman of the present day. To get at the real ancestry of modern France, however, we must come down to the Celts.

The Celts! The pioneers of our history, the great makers of our national destiny, the Fathers of France! It is they who have impressed upon us our deepest mentality with all its qualities and all its defects. The Celtic element is at the foundation of the French temperament. It forms the imperishable substratum as well as the leaven of the national life. To-day, as in the time of Vercingetorix, we are and remain Celts, but

Celts upon whom the Roman conquest has imposed Latin logic and the Frankish invasion a Germanic sense of reality.

Ligurians, Celts, Romans, Franks, Greeks, Basques, Iberians, Bretons, Saracens, Normans—a mere mention of this racial nomenclature is enough to suggest the rich admixture of ethnological elements in the French people. No modern race is more complex or more varied in its unity. Just as the French landscape possesses some of the elements of all landscapes, so the French blood is made of a commingling of all human racial strains. But in both cases the diversities and contrasts are so interrelated that they combine into a complete unity.

To realize with what almost instantaneous rapidity conflicting races are fused in the soothing and vitalizing atmosphere of France we need only recall what immediately followed the invasion of France by the Germanic tribes in the period of Gallo-Roman civilization. The invader called himself a Frank, spelled with a "k," a hard Teutonic "k," the harshness of which irritated the throats of the Romanized Gauls already under the softening influence of Latin culture. The result was a kind of miracle. Scarcely had the man with the "k" established his home in the "gentle land" which he had conquered by force of arms than his name became softened to Franc, spelled with a "c." The heavy consonant from the other side of the Rhine underwent a metamorphosis, and was spiritualized, so to speak. In that winged, resonant, musical name, "La France," a name so tender, as one of our poets has said, that women pronounce it with a smile upon their lips, a name which awakens a wonderful response in every human breast, there remains to-day no Germanic element, thank God!

France! Is it not true that this name brings to the mind of every thinking man the picture of a nation as full of harmony as the name itself? The fact is that the entire map of the world may be searched in vain for another nation which displays the quality of homogeneity, whether racial or geographical, so completely as France. She has achieved a stage of national equilibrium. Harmony is the dominant characteristic of her civilization. But it is a harmony developed from within, not imposed from without. In other words, it is conscious, intelligent, self-determined, free. Its intelligence and freedom constitute its peculiar mission in the life of the world, and explain the depth of its

influence and its power to endure. French civilization is a concert of thousands of performers to each of whom is left the responsibility of tuning his individual instrument to play its part in the general accord. Foreigners are chiefly struck with the unity of the French people, but when the observer studies France intimately he will be more impressed with the diversity of qualities in French life and civilization. Every variety of human temperament which has entered into the composition of the French people during the course of centuries has been preserved almost intact to this day. Here, again, there is an analogy to the French landscape which changes its aspect at almost every step. For administrative purposes the old French provinces have been divided into political divisions. But for human purposes this division has been in vain; the great provincial units still remain. Of course there is a France which is greater than, and includes, Burgundy, Provence, Brittany, etc. But Burgundy, Provence, and Brittany still exist, nevertheless, and preserve their original traits. More than this, they insist upon a recognition of those traits with a determination which grows greater every time any question arises as to the importance of the parts they are playing in the great French concert.

A notable example of this unified diversity, which can be fully appreciated only by a native Frenchman, is found in the language of France—for in a peculiar sense it is a language that embodies the spirit and genius of the nation. Now, French is certainly the national language of France. But, even if we leave out of account the local dialects and *patois* which have a close relation to the French tongue of former days, how many great idiomatic groups, which have nothing in common with the French language, yet continue to contribute their special waves to the great current of talk that rolls from the tongues of the people! For there live to-day in France Bretons who still speak Celtic, Flemings who still speak a kind of German, and Basques who in the mountain fastnesses of the Pyrenees still employ their ancient tongue, *Euskuara*, the origin of which, to the despair of philologists, is lost in the mists of time.

I have dwelt upon the diversity, geographical as well as racial, out of which French unity is composed, because it is the key to a real understanding of the most fundamental and essential quality of the genius of the French people—their individualism.

Born in a land favored of Heaven, a land which is simple and complex at the same time, and is peculiarly adapted to agreeable human intercourse because of both its simplicity and variety, and because of the twenty varied human races that have become one upon its soil, the Frenchman, naturally, has a good opinion of himself—indeed, he is open to the criticism sometimes of entertaining too good an opinion of himself. But it must be said that this opinion is based upon a lively appreciation of his human qualities. His sentiment regarding the dignity of being a human is so real that any attack upon that dignity actually causes him suffering. It is this conception or ideal of the value of a human being, or being a human, that has developed among Frenchmen that *culte de l'honneur*, that worship of honor, which may be said to be peculiarly a French religion—a religion which every Frenchman worthy of the name is joyously ready to maintain at any sacrifice. To lose honor, in a Frenchman's eyes, is to lose more than life, for it is to lose the very reason for living. "A man without honor"—that is in France the supreme condemnation, a verdict to which it is useless to add anything. I know Frenchmen to-day, certain of the final defeat of Germany, who pity German children yet unborn, not because they will be the descendants of a conquered race, but of a dishonored race!

Because he has so strong a consciousness of his moral personality, the Frenchman admits no foreign dominion over it. He is himself, and he intends to feel, think, and act for himself. He has such a passion for independence that it amounts almost to a malady. This is not to say that he is undisciplined, but he has an instinctive horror of all discipline which tends to absorb his personal will without the acquiescence of that will. He desires to understand before obeying. Yet even when he understands, even when he has decided that what is asked of him is reasonable, he must give himself the formal satisfaction of fuming and complaining a bit. One of my sons, who is at the front in Argonne, wrote me recently: "It rains all the time; the ground is nothing but mud, the shells fall like hail; *everybody grumbles, but everybody keeps on going!*" They haven't changed in this respect since Napoleon's time."

This is very French. Yet it marks a quality which dates not from Napoleon's time but from the very beginning of all time measured by French history. The Frenchman

cannot resist grumbling—good-humoredly, usually—just to prove to himself that in abdicating his individualism he is still master of the right to determine whether he shall abdicate or not. But he does yield none the less, and with an enthusiasm all the more “up and coming” because he knows the reason for his yielding. This quality explains the difference between the French trooper and the German grenadier. In the German attacks their troops come in masses, not of men, but of human waves—great gray billows in which the souls of the men, commingled like their bodies, roll on under the impelling force of a power outside of them, producing the effect of something elemental, blind, unhuman, like the waves of the sea dashed against the coast by the demoniac power of the hurricane. The French method is totally different. It appeals to the soldier in his quality as man. Far from compelling him to obliterate himself and to become a mere animal following the leader of the herd through the alley-ways of the slaughter-house, it insists that he shall strive to be himself more than ever, to surpass himself, to consciously exalt his personality, to stimulate his intelligence, to employ his will power, to quicken his initiative—in short, to give all, and more if possible, of the human and individual valor that he represents. If France is victorious in the present crisis, as I believe she will be, her triumph will be only another triumph of French individualism.

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The genius of an individualistic people can grow and expand only in an atmosphere of liberty. The internal history of France is, from first to last, a struggle for liberty, for all the forms of liberty, and especially for the most fundamental, the most precious, the most indispensable, of all its forms—the liberty to think. A Frenchman is bound by his irresistible natural impulses to think for himself and to refuse to accept ready-made thoughts from another. One of your foremost American writers, Edith Wharton, recently spoke of France as “the most intelligent nation in the world.” Laying aside the superlative, it may be said with due modesty even by a Frenchman that France is at least an intelligent nation, if nothing more. And she has a passion for exercising this intelligence in every domain of her national life. In other words, the French people love to think. It will be generally admitted, I am sure, that no

other country expends its “gray matter” so prodigally as France. But, while a Frenchman wishes to think *by* himself, he is incapable of thinking solely *for* himself. He feels compelled to express his thought, to make it objective, to communicate it. Thought means little to a Frenchman unless he writes it or speaks it. We are a people who, when we have something to say, insist upon saying it. Sometimes we are accused of not even waiting until we have something to say! We are often called loquacious. Possibly we are. But I am not sure that we should resent the criticism. The heavy, guttural, taciturn nations have never been the foremost servants of human progress. Athens was loquacious. But compare her winged words with the heavy laconics of Sparta and ask yourself to which of the two the world is most indebted.

Every thought to which the individual gives expression comes more or less into violent contact with the thought of some other individual. This gives rise to controversies and discussions. Here we have the explanation of another widespread criticism of the French—a criticism which, it must be confessed, we deserve to a considerable extent. We are accused, not merely of enjoying wordy battles among ourselves, but of taking satisfaction in displaying this querulousness before the eyes of the entire world. An ancient French saying runs: “Out of the clash of opinions light flashes forth,” and, as the French have an unquenchable thirst for illuminating thought, they often clash for the very purpose of striking a light. So much the worse for those peoples who are satisfied to live in a twilight zone or—pluming themselves on being immersed in the depths of metaphysics—at the bottom of a well! Because we Frenchmen are compelled to express ourselves with *franchise*, frankness—that is to say, with frankness or Frenchness—the stranger who hears only the strident tones of our discussions is led to think that there must be a deep discord of hearts where there is such a conflict of voices. This error has been the source of the many mistaken ideas about France—at least about the France of former days—which are current in the world. Many people forget that the great function of France is to be the world’s laboratory of ideas, a laboratory working day and night. It is curious that when this laboratory throws off smoke and fumes there should be so many who think it is burning down! The very thing

that is often called a sign of our "decadence," of our moribund condition, is really a sign of our vitality and vigor.

It was a psychological error of this kind which led Germany to think that the auspicious moment had arrived for an overwhelming attack upon us. She expected to invade us triumphantly through the breach made by our apparent dissensions. She had not seen the wall of national union which suddenly appeared behind the breach—a wall more solid than one built of stone, for it is built of free wills freely united in a consciousness of justice and a resolve to defend that justice unto death.

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Le droit, justice, human rights! If there is in the national creed of France a basic article, it may certainly be found in these great words. There is nothing for which France has so freely poured out her blood both at home and abroad. It was to perpetuate justice in law as well as in human life that she fought her Revolution, and her title to a glorious immortality among truly civilized nations is that hers is the land which gave birth to the "Declaration of the Rights of Man." She was the first to formulate those rights, and she did so in definitions which display the clearness of her intelligence and the precision of her language. It is notable, as has been observed by essayists and historians over and over, that she did not say "the rights of Frenchmen," but "the rights of man." In her eyes human rights are not national, they are universal. They are the same for all nations, and, within the nation, for all individuals. Thus the individualism which is at the basis of the French national genius is not only something entirely different from egoism, it is really a higher kind of altruism. In proclaiming his own right the Frenchman proclaims in the same degree the right of every other man, no matter to what nationality he may belong. We Frenchmen are not of that race of men who, because of their geographical position or the fierce conquests of their ancestors, regard themselves as invested by the hand of God himself with a kind of right which absolves them from respecting the rights of others, which even authorizes them to violate the rights of others when they believe those rights to conflict with their own alleged interests. The French doctrine is that right cannot conflict with right, that no right can suppress

another right. In the territory of human rights all nations are equal, as all individuals are equal: for the rights of a nation are not measured by the extent of its boundaries, by the aristocracy of its founders, by the size of its armies, or by the caliber of its guns; *le droit*, justice, human rights, are of the same inviolable nature in the smallest nations as in the greatest empires. France is not content with merely professing this idealistic doctrine which is so inextricably woven into the texture of her nature. She has always translated it, and still continues to translate it, into action. She has so strong and passionate a sense of the justice which is the due of every human being that she cannot enjoy its fruits herself so long as any one in any part of the world is denied them. Therefore she has always considered herself the champion of any just cause wherever it may be threatened. Even when prudence or self-interest might have urged her to turn a deaf ear, she has never heard the cry of the oppressed without feeling the impulse to rush to their defense. Where is the martyred nation to whose aid she has not sprung, or in whose behalf she has not prodigally poured out her gold, her blood, her spirit, at times to the detriment of her own welfare? Ask this question of Poland, of Greece, of Ireland—yes, of Ireland, for certain Irishmen among you, unhappily forgetful of all that France has done for their native land, do not hesitate to play the game of the enemies of France.

And, since these lines are addressed to Americans, I might add the reminder, "Ask yourselves," did I not prefer to let your recollection of the history of your Republic serve as the only reminder needed. Certain practical, realistic peoples in whom the thought of justice lies dormant when injustice appears to be profitable, say with contempt that to be quixotic is a characteristic defect of the Frenchman. "The days of the knight-errant," they tell us, "are over; do learn to mind your own business and stop interfering in the affairs of others." To this the genius of France replies, "I am human, and the business of humanity is my business. Moreover, when justice is violated in the case of an individual or of a community, the rights of the whole human race are attacked. To ignore the injustice on the ground that it does not concern me is to play the part of an accomplice. You are free, if you choose, cynically to assume such complicity, but, for my part, I feel myself too much bound up in

the general human welfare to refrain from making my protest."

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Thus we reach, as a necessary conclusion of the analysis, the most pronounced characteristic of the genius of the French people. The Frenchman is more concerned in being human than he is in being French. I say human, not superhuman. To others I leave the mirage of a super-humanity which, when measured by facts instead of vague theories, turns out to be a renunciation of humanity. One of our keenest thinkers has said, "*L'homme n'est ni ange ni bête, et le malheur est que qui veut faire l'ange fait la bête*," which may be paraphrased: Man is neither a Michael nor a Lucifer. The pity of it is that when he tries to play the part of Michael he becomes a Lucifer! There is danger that in attempting to pose as a superman one may fall into the pit and become a fiend.

No, the superman is not a French invention. We find it difficult enough, and therefore sufficiently praiseworthy, to be simply men. But the Frenchman is not content with cultivating for himself alone the fruits of a humanistic civilization, he wishes to distribute them to those about him. He cannot enjoy to the full the sentiments, the ideas, the aspirations, the visions, of the human spirit without sharing them with others. In a word, he does not feel himself to be *wholly* himself except when he is in communion with other beings of his kind. This is the source of that social instinct which, so far from limiting his individualism, really expands and multiplies it. With the Frenchman to give is to receive; he enriches himself by sharing himself; and all sorts of occasions seem to him suitable for such sharing.

I remember the vivid impression of being in a strange country which I received when I made my first railway journey in the United States in one of your Pullman cars. As I entered I saw the backs of two rows of armchairs which stretched from one end of the car to the other. From each armchair emerged a head and in front of each head there was spread an open newspaper. Absorbed in his reading, every one appeared to be doing his best to ignore everybody else! Silence reigned supreme except for the occasional snore of some hopelessly bored sleeper. Ah, the silence of that Pullman! I suddenly realized how many thousands of miles separated me from France. In France

you have no sooner taken your place in the compartment of the railway carriage which you have chosen than your neighbor, for the first reason that comes into his head or for no reason at all, begins to talk to you. In two minutes you know who he is, where he comes from, where he is going; in a quarter of an hour you know the entire history of himself and his family; and on the platform at the end of the journey he shakes hands with you and very likely embraces you as if you were one of his oldest and most intimate friends!

Doubtless this social instinct of the French carries with it the risk of falling sometimes into brutal indiscretion—if the French were capable of brutality. But there is also a French *politesse*, a good breeding, which tells the Frenchman when to speak and when to keep still, or how much to say and how reserved to be, so as not to offend. Has there not been too much jesting about French politeness? It is generally portrayed in your theaters in a ridiculous rôle, embodied, for example, in the person of some little marquis, an unnatural imitation of the work of Molière, who bows too much, smiles too much, and babbles right and left, affecting to be witty and succeeding only in being silly. Such caricaturing is unimportant, and I should pay no attention to it except for the fact that I have sometimes discovered among cultivated Americans a similar prejudice, or at least a politely concealed distrust of the most human of our good qualities. Because we do not deny ourselves the pleasure of paying compliments people say of us, "It is quite apparent that you are French," which is only another way of saying, "How you Frenchmen excel in the art of disguising the truth!" Is, then, the quality of being disagreeable an essential quality of the truth? The truth, to be sure, is not always agreeable, but if by chance it sometimes happens to be agreeable ought we to condemn it to silence?

Silence is not, I confess, one of the qualities of the French genius. But why complain of that? Since we are forced to meet in the highways of the world so many different types of men whose mental operations vibrate constantly between gross insolence and stupid obsequiousness, should we not thank Heaven for having created a people among whom politeness is not only traditional but is natural and temperamental? The more this social politeness is spread over the face of the earth, the more human and habit-

able the world will become, for it is a lubricant for the friction of human relations. It is a sign of man's gentleness to man.

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This human gentleness, as I said in the beginning, which exhales from the very soil of France, which is an element of her atmosphere and animates her people, is manifestly a pervasive quality of the genius of France. That genius carries in itself the gift of universal sympathy which enables the French *ego*, breaking all narrow bounds, to come into direct touch with every *ego* in the world. The French soul, like the French soil, is approachable, open, receptive to inspiration from without, a soul hospitable to other souls. It not only permits other souls to commune with it, but it seeks them out and invites communion. As Heaven has made the soil of France the rendezvous of the world, so it has made the French spirit the gathering-place of all the sentiments, the ideals, the aspirations, which stir the human breast. Her spirit bids them welcome, and by the warmth of this welcome imparts to them a new vitality. It is this fact which has given world-wide currency to the proverbial saying: "Every man has two countries—his own and France."

If we Frenchmen thus eagerly, with outstretched hands, approach our fellow-men, it is not, as some malicious persons have said, because we are frivolous and fond of gossip. No, we seek the companionship of our fellow-men because as a nation we are essentially and by choice lovers of human-kind. We wish to know our fellow-humans in order to understand them, and to understand them in order to love them. The word *aimer* (to love) is characteristically French. *L'amour*, love! The word fills our literature, because love itself fills the spirit of which that literature is the expression. Not self-love, as it is sometimes found in other races, but love without

limitations, love for everything that is worth loving. There is one typical detail connected with this word which throws more light on our national psychology than a score of labored essays. If the word *amour* (love) is characteristically French, with all the authority and history of France behind it, we have had to go to a foreign language for its antithesis; for we have borrowed the word *haine* (hate) from the Germans!

I hope I have succeeded in so defining the characteristic and essential traits of the genius of the French people that the reader may determine for himself the place which may justly be given to it in the history of civilization. That history has reached to-day one of the most critical turning-points in its course. In the terrible tempest of blood and iron which has burst upon Europe it sometimes seems as if even the idea for which the word civilization stands is about to be blotted out. If human progress, as some would have us believe, is in the future to consist of a mere mechanical perfecting of a materialistic civilization in which man shall be the efficient but passive slave of natural forces, the genius of France must disappear. It can have no part to play in a universe which has plunged backward into the dark ages of primitive man. But if, as there is every reason to believe, humanity refuses to submit to this preposterous kind of progress, if it preserves its faith in the true course of its destiny, if it continues to believe that true civilization has for its object a richer and more complete development of the faculties of man, a nearer approach each day to greater justice and greater good will, and a final realization of all that is divine in humanity, then France need have no anxious fears; her mission in the world is far from finished.

And it is this faith, it is this freedom from anxiety, it is this confidence in her mission, that France at this very moment is displaying with more serene enthusiasm than ever before.

A SON OF THE STEPPES

BY E. NELSON FELL

OUR road to Kooyandy, in western Siberia, whither we were going to attend the great annual fair, ran down to a small creek, and into it we plunged—and stuck. The drivers yelled and lashed the horses; the horses plunged and reared and fell down and did everything except move the heavy carriage. It looked quite hopeless. Then another carriage drove up and the drivers took out two of their horses, and, with wonderful contrivances of camel's-hair rope and rawhide, tied the horses one to the end of each of our shafts, and, jumping on their backs, urged them forward. So now we had five plunging horses struggling in the mud and water; still the carriage refused to budge. Then four well-mounted Kirghiz rode up and went through a maneuver of an original kind. They were riding beautiful horses with long tails almost sweeping the ground. Two came on each side of our carriage, one at each axle (which in the Russian carriage has a hook at the end of it). They leaned over their horses and each one tied the tail of his horse to the axle. Then all the nine horses were urged, by very loud noise and much whipping and spurring, to do their best. For a few minutes it was a wild scene of splashing, plunging horses. Every minute I expected to see the tail pulled out of some poor horse, but somehow they all held fast, the carriage creaked and moved, and we were safely landed on the opposite bank. The horsemen unknotted their horses' tails, and the leader said, "I am the *volostnoi oopravitel* [magistrate] of Kisil Kool; my name is Aboobakir Koorman. *Kaida bourassin?*" (Where are you going?) So our friendship began, and before we parted we became fast friends and I promised to go and spend some days with him at his tent village, or *aul*, on the shores of Lake Djusali.

The beauty of the steppes is a beauty which fills the heart and masters the mind. The appeal is not made to the eye and the senses. There are no charming nooks and valleys, no mighty mountain peaks with forest-clad foothills and ice-capped summits, no sheltered lakes, no tamed charm of valley which man has fenced in and turned into a little corner of paradise. It is true that there is a beauty of detail: acres of

anemones which burst into blossom in the spring, wild roses which cover the hillsides a little later, and especially the wonderful colors in which the whole atmosphere seems bathed; but the real beauty is the limitless expanse which, little by little, feeds the mind with a sense of universal harmony.

This is the oldest country in the world, the country which has been the longest settled by civilized man. Yet man has here left only the most shadowy traces of himself, and the men who are living here now are leaving still less for the future. If civilization means the desire of man to leave a record of himself for posterity, the desire to leave such an inheritance of knowledge that his children will advance further than he has gone, the desire to lift himself out of and distinguish himself from the rest of nature, the desire for knowledge of good and evil, then the native inhabitants of the Kirghiz steppes cannot be considered civilized; but if civilization means a kindly heart, a power of self-restraint carried to the last degree, a sense of the dignity of man as superior to but not set apart from the rest of creation, a devout understanding of nature leading to and culminating in one God, then we must concede to them a very high conception of the problems which we are all trying to solve. They belong to the rocks and the plains and the rolling hills just as do the flowers and birds and the herds. In the winter they bury themselves, like cocoons, under the ground; with the first warmth of the spring sun they break their shells and emerge in their brightly colored fluttering clothes and flit to and fro like butterflies over the steppes, resting now at this spring and now at that. When they reach a valley where the ground is moist and fertile, they pitch their camp and stay till the grass is eaten down, and then flit a few miles farther. When they leave a camping-ground, they leave no sign behind them; no ugly refuse, no empty cans and broken litter. So they, and the races which have preceded them, have done for centuries, and the earth shows no more sign of their passage than of the flights of birds. They have no interest in the past, no traditions; their greatest flights of memory do not extend beyond their fathers' time. They refer vaguely to their predecessors as Kalmucks, but the reference

is so undefined that it is of no value whatever. There are few, very few, traces left of the race which inhabited this country before the Kirghiz. The most impressive remains of human activity are the old workings of the copper mines. These are undoubtedly exceedingly ancient and are referred by some to an age before iron was known. Large stones also are found, about six feet long and about twelve by eighteen inches square. They are usually of granite, and one side is ornamented with outline carvings of a human face and other marks, the whole nearly obliterated by time. In one

are, they share with the rest of humanity the reluctance to be snuffed out, body and soul, by death, and to leave nothing behind by which they will be remembered by their heirs. So that, while thousands must die and leave no trace behind them, still, some try to keep their memories green by building *moghilas*. For the poor man, simple walls inclosing a few feet of the desert; for the well-to-do, a covered structure, shaped like a hen's egg cut in two, with a small opening on one side; for the rich man, a structure displaying a considerable sense of the art of architectural proportions and symmetry, hav-



PEOPLE OF THE STEPPES

place we saw a large number of them standing in the ground upright. The whole had the appearance of a cemetery, but we had no opportunity for investigation. These also are obviously ante-Kirghiz; no Kirghiz ever wasted his time carving stone.

Another evidence of ancient human endeavor were two parallel walls buried in the ground. These could be traced in an absolutely straight line for two or three hundred yards. They suggested an aqueduct; but, whatever they were, certainly they were not made by the Kirghiz.

The only monuments which the Kirghiz are leaving are their *moghilas*, or tombs. Philosophers, detached philosophers as they

ing usually a square base with a round dome rising from the center, ornamented with crenelations, little towers, and open-work lattice as elaborate as the crumbling character of the material will allow; for, alas! the material is only the sun-dried clay brick, bound together with a little straw and mud, doomed to a quick decay. To work with his hands is hateful to a Kirghiz, and he refuses to build even an ancestral tomb with anything less pliable than mud. One tomb which we saw, made of clay puddled with mare's milk, betrayed a pitiful effort of the builder to increase its durability without increasing his own work. Once built and finished, the tombs receive no further care, no repair, no cleaning, and I surmise that if

the dead Kirghiz's soul depends for its safety upon the prayers of the survivors it is in a hazardous position.

To an intelligent traveler the really noteworthy feature of the work on these tombs is that it is carried out in precisely the form and method of construction of two thousand years ago. One form of brick ornamentation is particularly noticeable, because it is everywhere found in the work of people who came under the influence of the Greeks at the time of the expeditions of Alexander of Macedonia. If the traveler has been wandering for days through the steppes without seeing a living being, and suddenly comes across one of these domed and turreted tombs with the handwriting of Alexander on the walls, he experiences a sensation that he never felt on Broadway or Piccadilly or anywhere else on this planet. From the marriage of Greek and Semitic thought which met in these steppes two thousand or more years ago, the thoughtful traveler suddenly realizes, has been transmitted to him almost the whole sum of what he knows.

At any rate, the present Kirghiz know nothing about mines or stone monuments, and are not in the least interested in them. They are the children of the steppes, living and dying in them, as the animals do, and leaving no enduring trace or vestige behind them.

If you come from the Western world, where man has grown to consider himself as set apart from the rest of nature, where he wages an eternal war against her, where he tries to wrest from her her secrets by force, where he spends his time in what he calls the struggle for existence; if you come from the struggle of such a world, and stand on the borders of this vast expanse and gaze across its unsoiled surface, you feel a conception of the harmony of nature which first confuses and then overwhelms you, and you are ready to bow your head and acknowledge that in the smoke and confusion of the turmoil which you left behind there were many things hidden from you, and many things which, had you seen, you could not have understood.

We had about seventy miles to travel to reach Lake Djusali. When we drove into the *aool* of our friend Koorman, we found a camp of a dozen or more felt tents, into the whitest of which we were escorted. The great skin of kumiss was brought in—a huge skin, three feet in diameter, with a narrow

neck. Its contents were churned to a foam with a wooden dasher and served in large painted bowls; the skin is rawhide with the hair side inside, so a considerable portion of the hair is served with the kumiss. You must not be fussy when you are living with the Kirghiz, and you must abandon all preconceived ideas of germs and bacilli; for the skin is never emptied, but always replenished with fresh milk, which, of course, becomes immediately sour. During my six years' stay in the steppes I never dared to look inside one of their kumiss skins. Kumiss itself, when it is good and fairly clean, is rather pleasant, and as it contains about three per cent of alcohol, it is quite exhilarating; but indifferent kumiss is so bad that, even at this distance of time and space, its memory is unendurable. Somehow, the Kirghiz live on it and thrive on it, and sweet milk is an abomination to them; they do not consider it fit for human food; it is absolutely forbidden to them by their religion—a much easier milk standard to live up to than ours. What they can do with sour milk is surprising; it appears in numerous different forms, solid and liquid; it and boiled meat constitute their unvarying food. Healthy enough they seem, with exceptionally fine teeth—even the old men and women have perfect ivory semicircles.

After kumiss came the samovar and tea. The samovar is heated with burning dung, and the acrid smell of the smoke combined with the sour milk and rancid cheese makes an attack which immediately surfeits all your senses at once.

Then came the crowning act of hospitality, what we should call "ordering the dinner." The host's men led up to the door of the tent a beautiful piebald two-year-old horse, the greatest compliment they can pay to guests of distinction, and then and there, at the door of the tent, it was slaughtered and carried away to the tent where the cooking is done. At this point the entertainment had reached a gastronomical climax which I found very difficult to endure. Koorman broke the silence through the interpreter, who spoke in Russian.

"The *bai* [this is a Kirghiz word for lord or master] is a very rich man; he builds great smelting works and railways and employs thousands of men; he is welcome to our *aool*; although we have very little, he is very welcome here; everything we have is at his service."

I did not disturb his ideas of my individual

wealth, but murmured some suitable reply. In any case, pretty speeches sadly lose their effect when reproduced by an interpreter; I have often spent hours preparing suitable speeches in Russian only to have my Russo-Kirghiz interpreter reduce them to half a dozen words which meant nothing.

"The *bai* is so rich that what we have must seem very small to him. But he has seen our herds; does he think our horses beautiful?"

I replied that we admired his horses very much, and that, although they were not so large as ours, their conformation was very fine.

"I have a thousand horses," continued Koorman; "how many has the *bai*?"

I stammered that I owned five. This information produced a most depressing effect.

"The *bai* is so rich," he said, "and yet only owns five horses. I do not understand it. Sultan Djingir has four thousand horses, Sultan Djumabek has two thousand, and Adam Bai is said to have three thousand, and you say that you have only five! How many sheep does the *bai* own?"

"I regret to say that I own no sheep," I replied.

"Ah! probably the *bai* owns large herds of cattle?"

"I have two cows," I said.

The conversation was assuming a most unfortunate turn, and I felt that I was losing ground every minute; something desperate had to be done. I remembered that I had in my pocket a colored photograph of the Poinciana Hotel at Palm Beach, which I had lately received from a friend in Florida.

"It is true, my friend," I said, "that I do not own any cattle or sheep or horses, but see the house in which I live when I am in my own country," and I showed them the brightly colored print. The effect was magical; the card was passed from hand to hand with every expression of amazement and delight; my stock bounded upward, and never after that fell below par. May I be forgiven for my deception!

I had now regained my courage and again attacked the horse question with confidence.

"Horses in our country are very expensive," I said.

Koorman's interest was instantly aroused.

"How much does a good horse sell for in your country?"

I thought of the sale of Ormond for one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, and replied:

"A good horse fetches two hundred and forty thousand rubles."

"That sounds incredible," said Koorman; "it is impossible to pay such a sum for a horse which twenty or thirty men will consume in a day."

I dropped the subject, for I knew that he could not quickly grasp such a novel and absurd view of the horse, the subject which he really knew from top to bottom. To the Kirghiz the horse is the best of all animals; it is the most easily wintered; the mares give the best milk and are never ridden or worked; the horses furnish the finest meats, and are their faithful servants for moving their camps, for watching their flocks, for herding their cattle. It is impossible to conceive of life on the steppes without the horse.

Noticing that Koorman wore a green cap, I next asked him about his pilgrimage to Mecca. If the Kirghiz has any object in life except life itself, it is to visit the shrine of the Prophet at Mecca. Only the wealthy are able to attain it, and the returning pilgrim is stamped with the seal of spiritual and worldly success.

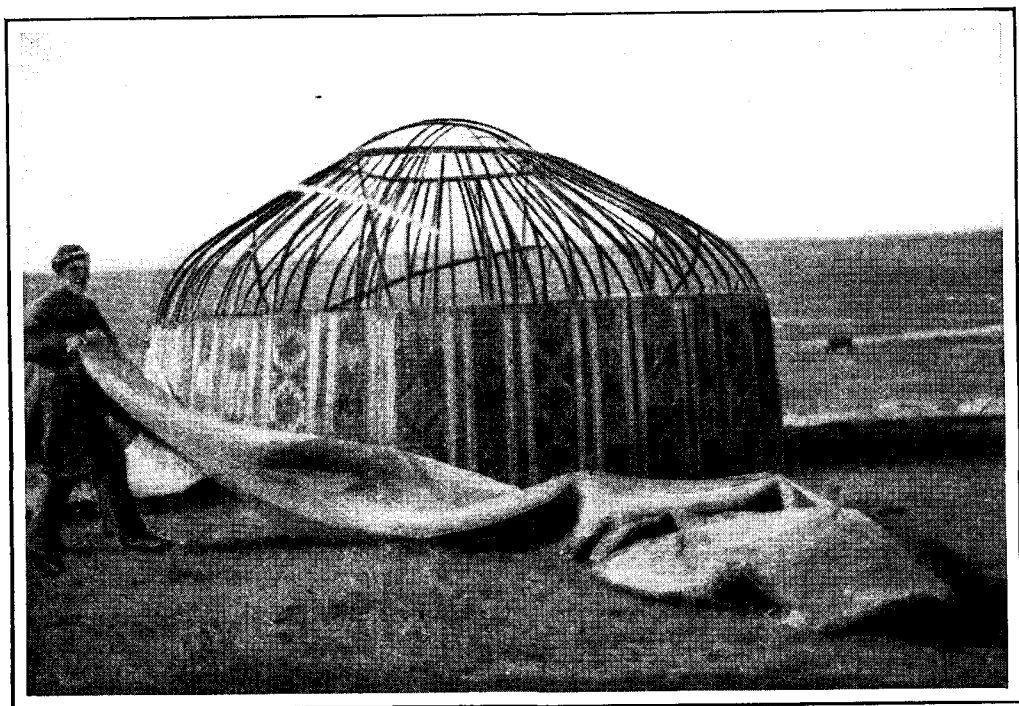
"We first went," Koorman related, "by rail as far as we could, and then embarked in a large boat on a lake which entirely surrounds the island on which Mecca stands; and this lake is filled with the most horrible stinking water, which causes you and your fellow-pilgrims to vomit in the most frightful manner; and I shall never go to Mecca again on account of the stinking water of the lake which surrounds it."

It was apparent that his ideas of oceans and geography in general were fairly vague, and that subject, also, I abandoned.

I then asked him about the education of his children and how he managed to have them taught.

"I have my own schoolmaster," he replied, "and he teaches my children and other children who care to be taught; let us go and see him at work."

We went into another tent, whence a babel of chattering voices proceeded. Entering, we found about a dozen children sitting in a row, the teacher standing before them. Each child was holding before him a fragment of what once had apparently been a book, printed in Arabic and bound in paper boards; or perhaps the remains of several books. One child had one side of a cover, another had the other side, a third had one fragment of the printed pages, a fourth had a different page;



THE TENT-MAKER



MOVING THE CAMP

all were apparently reading as fast as possible and in the shrillest possible tones. As we entered the teacher called for silence, and we asked him some questions about his pupils. He told us that they were now studying the Koran, that they never studied anything else, and that they studied in this way for several hours daily. He gave the signal, and instantly every child began to shout at the top of his voice, apparently reading from the pasteboard cover in his hands. The marvel is that reading and writing can survive at all under such a system. It must be said that the survival is very limited.

So the days passed, and we harnessed up the piebalds and prepared to leave. Koor-man was also packing up his tents and moving to the next pasture. The operation was carried out with the most incredible speed. In the morning there was a village with all the necessary equipment for a hundred or more souls, and in three hours it was all on the backs of camels and moving away. Where they had been living for a month there was not a sign of their occupancy left; no scraps, no half-burned fires, no litter, nothing. What a simple thing is life when there are no wants except the bare necessities!



WINTER ON THE STEPPES

As we went back to our tent the sun was low and the flocks and herds were coming in from the pasture. For handling stock the Kirghiz need no teacher—they and the animals are one. The horses are reared as colts with the babies in the tents, so are the weak kids and lambs; no force is ever used; just patience. It would be impossible to imagine two methods of accomplishing the same end more different in character than that of the Kirghiz in the East and the American cowboy in the West. No whirling lariats, no bucking horses, no violence of voice or action. What would the Western plainsman think if he could see a steer saddled and a man sitting thereon, herding his horses?

“*Kosh!*” they cried as we moved away, many of them riding a few miles with us to see us safely on our road.

Whatever else our visit accomplished, it established our position forever as the trusted friends of the Kirghiz, and this was worth all the trouble that it cost us. And if we could not succeed in teaching them that the world is round, they succeeded in teaching us that a people can be happy and can lead a life of dignity and graceful gentleness amid a simplicity of surroundings such as we had never before imagined to be possible; and we began to realize how ridiculously complicated are the conditions which we have laboriously built up for and around ourselves.

ALGERNON BLACKWOOD AND ONE OF HIS STORIES

THE popular notion that an author's appearance must correspond in some way with his work is strikingly refuted by the face and figure of Mr. Algernon Blackwood. That notion has been refuted many times before ; but it still persists. Mr. Blackwood looks like an out-of-doors man of primitive and radical type, and there is nothing about his appearance which to the average reader would suggest that he carries in his pocket a key to fairyland. He confutes another widely held notion—that fairyland is an unreal place, dear to children and to grown-ups who waste their time in idle dreams. From time to time one reads onslaughts by so-called practical people on fairy tales, which are described as mere inventions of idle hours.

But all the people who really know fairyland know that it is the playground of the most gifted men and women, and that it is of special importance to those who work hard and take serious views of life. Intelligent communities are securing playgrounds as parts of the educational and social equipment ; and while people are prophesying that this devastating and ruinous war will be followed by a long period of devotion to the material task of rebuilding, it is safe to predict that it will be followed by many new excursions into fairyland. For the human mind must find scope and play for all its faculties ; and when the material world falls in ruins, it invariably takes refuge, not in idleness, but in that world of the imagination which is not only the consoler of those who are defeated in the attempt to find happiness in material things, but the inspirer of those who would make material things conform more and more to spiritual ideals.

All the poets have gone to fairyland. English poetry, from the day of "The Faerie Queene," "The Forest of Arden," and "The Tempest," has opened gates into this great playground.

Among the original explorers of fairyland to-day is Mr. Algernon Blackwood. He looks like a backwoodsman. His attitude, dress, and bearing may seem a bit amateurish ; but we are all amateurish to-day unless we come from the Black Forest or from the lumber camps of Maine or from Michigan or the Far North. Against a background of

somewhat barren trees, with a dog at his feet, in outing shirt and trousers, with a silk handkerchief tied loosely around his neck, a pipe in his mouth, and bare as to his head, Mr. Blackwood looks like a man who knows towns and clubs, but prefers dogs, trees, and out-of-doors. He has ranged over nearly the whole area of occupations ; and there is very little in the way of unusual experience which has not come his way.

He began in the Black Forest in a school of the Moravian Brotherhood ; and it is not easy to imagine a better schooling for a man who is on his way to fairyland. The Black Forest is a serious piece of woodland, but it is penetrated by well-kept paths ; it has a general air, in spite of its remoteness and dim silence, of being an extremely well-kept playground. Any one who has been in the Schwarzwald toy-shop in Baden-Baden knows that when it comes to the manufacture of things to play with, conceived and born in the spirit of childhood, the Black Forest is next door to fairyland. The toys that are made in the long winter months in those little houses have a quality of imagination and a simplicity which one will not find in the great collections of mechanical toys in Paris and elsewhere.

At twenty Mr. Blackwood exchanged the silence of the Black Forest for a more active career on a farm in Canada. Then, by way of a leap in the dark, he worked for a time on a Methodist magazine *en route* for the adventure of conducting a dairy farm. He had a partner ; but neither the partner nor the farm had the touch of stability.

Mr. Blackwood, who was of an adventurous spirit and disposed to take all the chances, then bought a hotel ; but at the end of six months his partner and himself were in the backwoods trying to keep soul and body together. This difficult task they accomplished for the following six months with practically no means at all. When a little money came, Mr. Blackwood went to New York. For a time he posed to artists who were drawing vigorous masculine figures—Zogbaum, Cox, Gibson, and others. Then, by way of further extending his experiences, he went on the stage—a vocation which he reinforced by teaching French, German, and the violin, and the translation of short French stories. He

was rapidly acquiring a pretty wide knowledge of life, and he accelerated the process by becoming a reporter on the New York "Evening Sun." He was living then with two friends whose joint income was almost invisible. The three lived in one room, cooked on a gas-range, and were sometimes driven to dried apples and raw rice for subsistence.

This experience was worse than the six penniless months in the backwoods; and Mr. Blackwood revolted and went to the Rainy River gold-fields by the aid of a railway pass which took him as far as Duluth. Another chapter of varied occupation awaited him in the West, from which he returned finally to work on the New York "Times," in the service of which he stayed two years. It was during this period that he first tried his hand unsuccessfully at fiction. He went back to England and engaged in the dried milk business. This failed, as all his occupations had failed; and he suddenly began to write. A group of ghost stories, entitled "The Empty House," was followed by "The Listener" and "John Silence;" and then came "Jimbo," a striking tale of uncommon play of imagination and beauty of symbolism. At this point Mr. Blackwood began taking writing seriously as a vocation. For the past ten years he has kept steadily at work, moving from point to point, but keeping his pen active. He still

lives largely in his trunk, and takes it wherever the mood carries him—to Switzerland, Egypt, the Caucasus, the Alps.

His most striking characteristic is an original imagination, extraordinarily vivid and inventive. "Incredible Adventures," published a year ago, is one of the most inventive of modern books. It abounds in audacious scenes which only a man of original imagination could have conceived and executed. He is not simply a maker of strange tales; his work has seriousness and vitality. He is, as one of the reviewers has said, a seer.

By the courtesy of his publishers, The Macmillan Company, The Outlook republishes this week a chapter from his new book, "The Extra Day,"¹ a book full of charm for children of poetic imagination and for their elders who have not lost the gift of childhood. "The extra day" does not exist as a matter of time, but it is filled with wonderful adventures shared by a group of delightful children. The play of these children with the night wind will give readers of The Outlook some idea of the singular and beautiful quality of Mr. Blackwood's imagination. Fairyland is for him not a place of curious happenings, of inward creation, invented out of hand with no reference to reality; it is rather the playground of childhood which is poised between the world of imagination and the world of reality.

IMAGINATION WAKES

BY ALGERNON BLACKWOOD

FOR the Night-Wind already had a definite position in the mythology of the Old Mill House, and since Uncle Felix had taken to reading aloud certain fancy bits from the storicalnovul he was writing at the moment, it had acquired a new importance in their minds.

These fancy bits were generally scenes of action in which the Night-Wind either dropped or rose unexpectedly. He used the children as a standard. "Thank you very much, Uncle," meant failure, the imagination was not touched; but questions were an indication of success—the audience wanted further details. For he knew it was the child in his audience that enjoyed such scenes, and if Tim and Judy felt no interest, neither would

Mr. and Mrs. William Smith of Peckham. To squeeze a question out of Maria raised hopes of a second edition!

A Duke, disguised as a woman or priest, landing at night; a dark man stealing documents from a tapestried chamber of some castle, where bats and cobwebs shared the draughty corridors—such scenes were incomplete unless a Night-Wind came in audibly at critical moments. It wailed, moaned, whistled, cried, sang, sighed, soughed, or—sobbed. Keyholes and chimneys were its favorite places, but trees and rafters knew it too. The sea, of course, also played a large part in these adventures, for water above all

¹The Extra Day. By Algernon Blackwood. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.35.



ALGERNON BLACKWOOD

was the element Uncle Felix loved and understood; but this Night-Wind, being born at sea, was also of distinct importance. The sea was terrible, the wind was sad.

To the children it grew more and more distinct with each appearance. It had a personality, and led a curious and wild existence. It had privileges and prerogatives. Owing to its various means of vocal expression—singing, moaning, and the rest—a face belonged to it with lips and mouth; teeth too, since it whistled. It ran about the world, and so had feet; it flew, so wings pertained to it; it blew, and that meant cheeks of sorts. It was a large, swift, shadowy being whose ways were not the ordinary ways of daylight. It struck blows. It had gigantic hands. Moreover, it came out only after dark—an ominous and suspicious characteristic rather.

"Why isn't there a day-wind too?" inquired Judy, thoughtfully.

"There is, but it's *quite* a different thing," Uncle Felix answered. "You might as well ask why midday and midnight aren't the same because they both come at twelve o'clock. They're simply different things."

"Of course," Tim helped him unexpectedly; "and a man can't be a woman, can it?"

The Night-Wind's nature, accordingly, remained a mystery rather, and its sex was also undetermined. Whether it saw with eyes, or just felt its way about like a blind thing, wandering, was another secret matter undetermined. Each child visualized it differently. Its hiding-place in the daytime was equally unknown. Owls, bats, and burglars guessed its habits best; and that it came out of a hole in the sky was, perhaps, the only detail all unanimously agreed upon. It was a pathetic being, rather.

This Night-Wind used to come crying round the bedroom windows sometimes, and the children liked it, although they did not understand all its melancholy beauty. They heard the different voices in it, although they did not catch the meaning of the words it sang. They heard its footsteps, too. Its way of moving awed them. Moreover, it was forever trying to get in.

"It's wings," said Judy; "big, dark wings, very soft and feathery."

"It's a woman with sad, black eyes," thought Tim; "that's how I like it."

"It's some one," declared Maria, who was asleep before it came, so rarely heard it at all. And they turned to Uncle Felix, who

knew all that sort of thing, or at any rate could describe it. He found the words. They lay hidden in his thick back hair apparently—there was little on the top!—for he always scratched his head a good deal when they asked him questions about such difficult matters. "What is it *really*—the Night-Wind?" they asked, gravely; "and why does it sound so *very* different from the wind in the morning or the afternoon?"

"There *is* a difference," he replied, carefully. "It's a quick, dark, rushing thing, and it moves like—like anything."

"We know *that*," they told him.

"And it has long hair," he added, hurriedly, looking into Tim's staring eyes. "That's what makes it swish. The swishing, rushing, hushing sound it makes—that's its hair against the walls and tiles, you see."

"It *is* a woman, then?" said Tim, proudly.

All looked up, wondering. An extraordinary thing was in the air. A mystery that had puzzled them for ages was about to be explained. They drew closer round the sofa, and Maria blundered against the table, knocking some books off with a resounding noise. It was their way of reminding him that he had promised.

"Hush, hush!" said Uncle Felix, holding up a finger and glancing over his shoulder into the darkened room. "It may be coming now. Listen!"

"Yes, but it is a woman, isn't it?" insisted Tim, in a hurried whisper. He had to justify himself before his sisters. Uncle Felix must see to that first.

The big man opened his eyes very wide. He shuddered. "It's a—Thing," was the answer, given in a whisper that increased the excitement of anticipation. "It certainly is a—Thing! Now hush! It's coming!"

They listened then intently. And a sound *was* heard. Out of the starry summer night it came, quite softly, and from very far away—upon discovery bent, upon adventure. Reconnoitering, as from some deep ambush in the shrubberies where the black-birds hid and whistled, it flew down against the house, stared in at the nursery windows, fluttered up and down the glass with a marvelous, sweet humming, and was gone again.

"Listen!" the man's voice whispered; "it will come back presently. It saw us. It's awfully shy—"

"Why is it awfully shy?" asked Judy, in an undertone.

"Because people make it mean so much

more than it means to mean," he replied, darkly. "It never gets a chance to be just itself and play its own lonely game—"

"We've called it things," she stated.

"But we haven't written books about it and put it into poetry," Uncle Felix corrected her with an audacity that silenced them. "We play our game; it plays its."

"It plays its," repeated Tim, amused by the sound of the words.

"And that's why it's shy," the man held them to the main point, "and dislikes showing itself—"

"But why is its game lonely?" some one asked, and there was a general feeling that Uncle Felix had been caught this time without an answer. For what explanation could there possibly be of that? Their faces were half triumphant, half disappointed already.

He smiled quietly. He knew everything—everything in the world. "It's unhappy as well as shy," he sighed, "because nothing will play with it. Everything is asleep at night. It comes out just when other things are going in. Trees answer it, but they answer in their sleep. Birds, tucked away in nests and hiding-places, don't even answer at all. The butterflies are gone, the insects lost. Leaves and twigs don't care about being blown when there's no one there to see them. They hide too. If there are clouds, they're dark and sulky, keeping their jolly sides towards the stars and moon. Nothing will play with the Night-Wind. So it either plays with the tiles on the roof and the telegraph wires—dead things that make a lot of noise, but never leave their places for a proper game—or else just—plays with itself. Since the beginning of the world the Night-Wind has been shy and lonely and unhappy."

It was unanswerable. They understood. Their sense of pity was greatly touched, their love as well.

"Do pigs really see the wind, as Daddy says?" inquired Maria abruptly, feeling the conversation beyond her. She merely obeyed the laws of her nature. But no one answered her; no one even heard the question. Another sound absorbed their interest and attention. There was a low, faint tapping on the window-pane. A hush, like church, fell upon everybody.

And Uncle Felix stood up to his full height suddenly, and opened his arms wide. He drew a long, deep breath.

"Come in," he said, splendidly.

The tapping, however, grew fainter and fainter, till it finally ceased. Everybody waited expectantly, but it was not repeated. Nothing happened. Nobody came in. The tapper had retreated.

"It was a twig," whispered Judy, after a pause. "The Virgin Creeper—"

"But it was the wind that shook it," exclaimed Uncle Felix, still standing and waiting as though he expected something. "The Night-Wind—look out!"

A roaring sound over the roof drowned his words; it rose and fell like laughter, then like crying. It dropped closer, rushed headlong past the window, rattled and shook the sash, then dived away into the darkness. Its violence startled them. A deep lull followed instantly, and the little tapping of the twig was heard again. Odd! Just when the Night-Wind seemed farthest off it was all the time quite near. It had not really gone at all; it was hiding against the outside walls. It was watching them trying to get in. The tapping continued for half a minute or more—a series of hurried, gentle little knocks as from a child's smallest finger-tip.

"It wants to come in. It's trying," whispered some one.

"It's awfully shy."

"It's lonely and frightfully unhappy."

"It likes us and wants to play."

There was another pause and silence. No one knew quite what to do.

"There's too much light. Let's put the lamp out," said a genius, using the voice of Judy.

As though by way of answer there followed instantly a sudden burst of wind. The torrent of it drove against the house; it boomed down the chimney, puffing an odor of soot into the room; it shook the door into the passage; it lifted an edge of carpet, flapping it. It shouted, whistled, sang, using a dozen different voices all at once. The roar fell into syllables. It was amazing. A great throat uttered words. They could scarcely believe their ears.

The wind was shouting with a joyful, boisterous shout: "Open the window! I'll put out the light!"

All heard the wonderful thing. Yet it seemed quite natural in a way. Uncle Felix, still standing and waiting as though he knew not exactly what was going to happen, moved forward at once and boldly opened the window's lower sash. In swept the mighty visitor, the stranger from the air. The lamp

gave one quick flicker and went out. Deep stillness followed. There was a silence like the moon.

The shy Night-Wind had come into the room.

Ah, there was awe and wonder then! The silence was so unexpected. The whole wind, not merely part of it, was in. It had come so gently, softly, delicately, too! In the darkness the outline of the window-frame was visible; Uncle Felix's big figure blocked against the stars. Judy's head could be seen in silhouette against the other window, but Tim and Maria, being smaller, were merged in the pool of shadow below the level of the sill. A large, spread thing passed flutteringly up and down the room a moment, then came the rest. It settled over everything at once. A rustle was audible as of trailing, floating hair.

"It's hiding in the corners and behind the furniture," whispered Uncle Felix; "keep quiet. If you frighten it—whew!"—he whistled softly—"it'll be off above the treetops in a second!"

A low soft whistle answered to his own: somewhere in the room it sounded; there was no mistaking it, though the exact direction was difficult to tell, for while Tim said it was through the keyhole, Judy declared positively that it came from the door of the big, broken cupboard opposite. Maria stated flatly, "Chimney."

"Hush! It's talking." It was Uncle Felix's voice breathing very low. "It likes us. It feels we're friendly."

A murmur as of leaves was audible, or as of a pine bough sighing in a breeze. Yet there were words as well—actual spoken words:

"Don't look for me, please," they heard. "I do not want to be seen. But you may touch me. I like that."

The children spread their hands out in the darkness, groping, searching, feeling.

"Ah, your touch!" the sighing voice continued. "It's like my softest lawn. Your hair feels as my grass feels on the hilltops, and the skin of your cheeks is smooth and cool as the water surface of my lily ponds at midnight. I know you"—it raised its tones to singing. "You are children. I kiss you all!"

"I feel you," Judy said in her clear, quiet voice. "But you're cold."

"Not really," was the answer that seemed all over the room at once. "That's only the

touch of space. I've come from very high up to-night. There's been a change. The lower wind was called away suddenly to the sea, and I dropped down with hardly a moment's warning to take its place. The sun has been very tiresome all day—overheating the currents.

"Uncle, *you* ask it everything," whispered Tim, "simply everything!"

"Say how we love it, please," sighed Judy. "I feel it closing both my eyes."

"It's over all my face," put in Maria, drawing her breath in loudly.

"But my hair's lifting!" Judy exclaimed. "Oh, it's lovely, lovely!"

Uncle Felix straightened himself up in the darkness. They could hear him breathing with the effort. "Please tell us what you do," he said. "We all can feel you touching us. Play with us as you play with trees and clouds and sleeping flowers along the hedgerows."

A singing, whistling sound passed softly round the room; there was a whir and a flutter as when a flight of bees or birds goes down the sky, and a voice, a plaintive yet happy voice, like the plover who cry to each other on the moors, was audible:

"I run about the world at night,

Yet cannot see;

My hair has grown so thick these million years,
It covers me.

So, like a big, blind thing

I run about,

And know all things by touching them.

I touch them with my wings;

I know each one of you

By touching you;

I touch your *hearts*!"

"I feel you!" cried Judy. "I feel you touching me!"

"And I, and I!" the others cried. "It's simply wonderful!"

An enormous sigh of happiness went through that darkened room.

"Then play with me!" they heard. "Oh, children, play with me!"

The wild, high sweetness in the windy voice was irresistible. The children rose with one accord. It was too dark to see, but they flew about the room without a fault or slip. There was no stumbling; they seemed guided, lifted, swept. The sound of happy, laughing voices filled the air. They caught the Wind, and let it go again; they chased it round the table and the sofa; they held it in their arms until it panted with delight, half

smothered into silence, then marvelously escaping from them on the elastic, flying feet that tread on forests, clouds, and mountain-tops. It rushed and darted, drove them, struck them lightly, pushed them suddenly from behind, then met their faces with a puff and shout of glee. It caught their feet; it blew their eyelids down. Just when they cried, "It's caught! I've got it in my hands!" it shot laughing up against the ceiling, boomed down the chimney, or whistled shrilly as it escaped beneath the crack of the door into the passage. The keyhole was its easiest escape. It grew boisterous, singing with delight, yet was never for a moment rough. It cushioned all its blows with feathers.

"Where are you now? I felt your hair all over me. You've gone again!" It was Judy's voice as she tore across the floor.

"You're whacking me on the head!" cried Tim. "Quick, quick! I've got you in my hands!" He flew headlong over the sofa where Maria sat clutching the bolster to prevent being blown onto the carpet.

They felt its soft, gigantic hands all over them; its silky coils of hair entangled every movement; they heard its wings, its rushing, sighing voice, its velvet feet. The room was in a whirl and uproar.

"Uncle! Can't *you* help? You're the biggest!"

"But it's blown me inside out," he answered, in a curiously muffled voice. "My fingers are blown off. It's taken all my breath away."

The pictures rattled on the wall; loose bits of paper fluttered everywhere; the curtains flapped out horizontally into the air.

"Catch it! Hold it! Stop it!" cried the breathless voices.

"Join hands," he gasped. "We'll try." And, holding hands, they raced across the floor. They managed to encircle something with their spread arms and legs. Into the corner by the door they forced a great, loose, flowing thing against the wall. Wedged tight together like a fence, they stooped. They pounced upon it.

"Caught!" shouted Tim. "We've got you!"

There was a laughing whistle in the keyhole just behind them. It was gone.

The window shook. They heard the wild,

high laughter. It was out of the room. The next minute it passed shouting above the cedar tops and up into the open sky. And their own laughter went out to follow it across the night.

The room became suddenly very still again. Some one had closed the window. The twig no longer tapped. The game was over. Uncle Felix collected them, an exhausted crew, upon the sofa by his side.

"It was very wonderful," he whispered. "We've done what no one has ever done before. We've played with the Night-Wind, and the Night-Wind's played with us. It feels happier now. It will always be our friend."

"It was awfully strong," said Tim in a tone of awe. "It fairly banged me."

"But awfully gentle," Judy sighed. "It kissed me hundreds of times."

"I felt it," announced Maria.

"It's only a child, really," Uncle Felix added, half to himself, "a great wild child that plays with itself in space—"

He went on murmuring for several minutes, but the children hardly heard the words he used. They had their own sensations. For the wind had touched their hearts and made them think. They heard it singing now above the cedars as they had never heard it sing before. It was alive and lovely, it meant a new thing to them. For they had their little aching sorrows too; it had taken them all away; they had their little passionate yearnings and desires; it had prophesied fulfillment. The dreamy melancholy of childhood, the long, long days, the haunted nights, the everlasting afternoons—all these were in its wild, great, windy voice, the sighing, the mystery, the laughter too. The joy of strange fulfillment woke in their wind-kissed hearts. The Night-Wind was their friend; they had played with it. Now everything could come true.

And next day Maria, lost to the Authorities for over an hour, was at length discovered by the forbidden pigsties in a fearful state of mess, but very pleased and happy about something. She was watching the pigs with eyes brimful of questioning wonder and excitement. She was listening intently too. She wanted to find out for certain whether pigs really—really and truly—saw—anything unusual!

AN INDUSTRIAL EMPIRE BUILDER

IT is just about fifty-five years since a boy of fifteen stood on the docks at Boston and gazed with wondering eyes at the ships unloading their freight from all parts of the world. But as he stood day after day watching the dock scenes he was most attracted by the ships that came from the tropics, loaded with fruits, coffee, and spices. There were few of them, for in those days the tropical countries were perilously distant and unhealthy; but from the sailors who had braved the Caribbean the boy heard stories that filled him with wonder.

And then this fifteen-year-old boy dreamed of going to the tropics and wiping out the scourge of disease and organizing communities that would send to all ports of the world great ship-loads of fruits, which the sailors said the tropical lands were capable of producing. These were only boyish fancies, of course: but life is a curious mixture of fancy and reality, and this boy was one of the few given the privilege of having his dreams realized.

Andrew W. Preston does not tell the story of his life in this way. But the friends and associates of the President of the United Fruit Company know these romantic details in the life of one of the influential industrial leaders of the time. Mr. Preston was born at Beverly Farms, Massachusetts, on June 29, 1846. He was educated in the public schools of his native town, and as a boy journeyed to Boston and obtained a position with a produce commission merchant. In the course of his work he frequently found his way to the Boston ship terminals. He heard much of the great undeveloped tropics, and of thousands of bunches of bananas that grew in the West Indian islands and in Central America. He wondered why some way could not be devised of bringing those bananas to the United States. For the banana in those days was a fruit rarely enjoyed in this country.

In the course of a few years Mr. Preston went into the fruit business on a small scale, still with his dream of bringing the tropics and the United States into closer industrial communion. In 1884 he had become a fruit merchant in Boston of some standing, but of no large resources. He purchased and sold bananas whenever he had the chance. He found the supply hopelessly unequal to the demand. He studied the subject of tropical development and concluded that systematized production of bananas could be achieved in

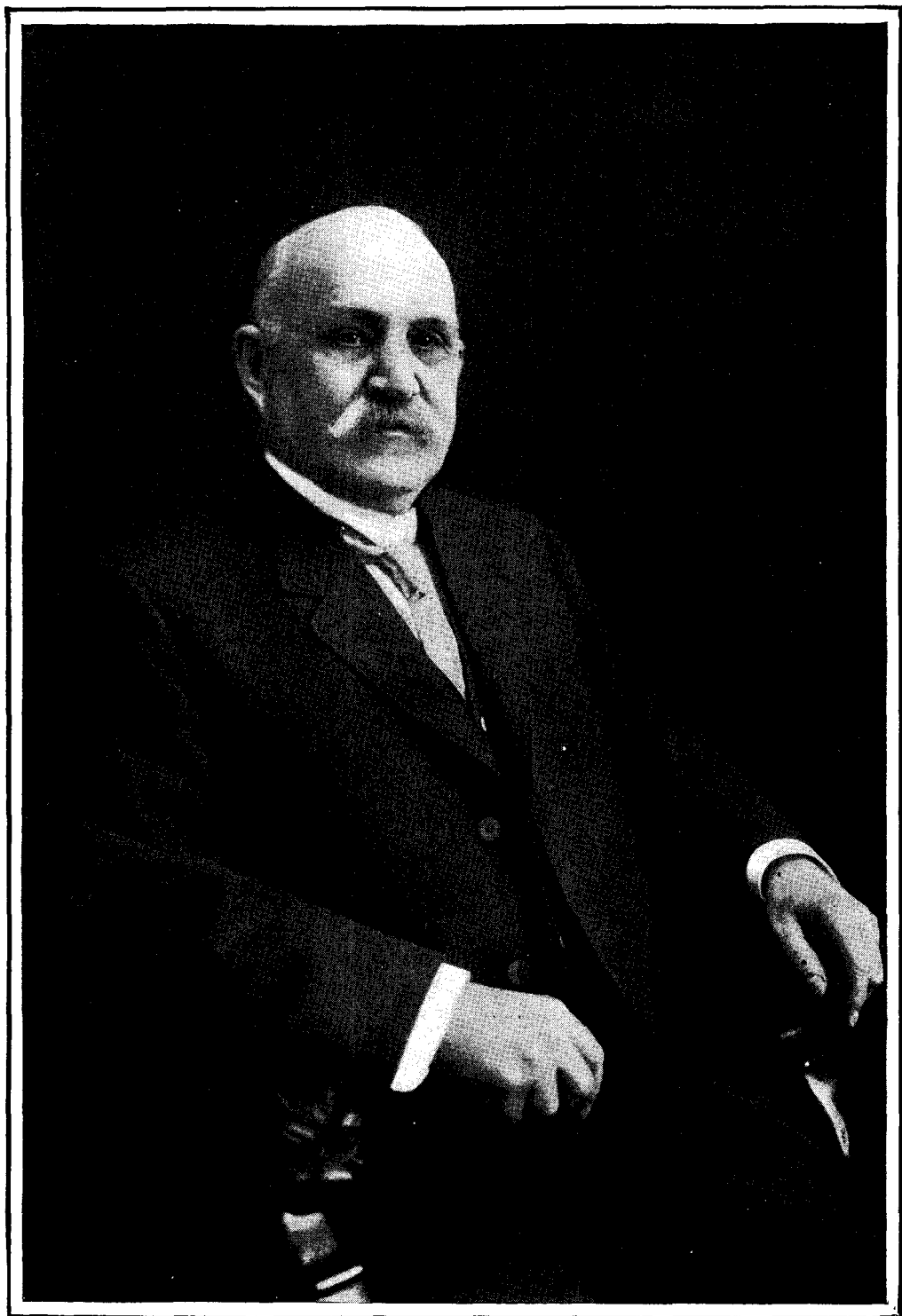
Cuba, Jamaica, and San Domingo, and the fruit shipped to the United States. After that, he figured that the next step would be the development of the Central American countries.

But he had no money with which to finance such a venture. Finally he induced nine Boston business men to join with him in an organization which would have for its purpose the creation of a tropical fruit and sugar raising industry, of which Boston would be the American center. Each of the men invested two thousand dollars in the organization, which came to be known as the Boston Fruit Company, and of which Mr. Preston became President.

In 1899 the activities of fruit companies operating in Latin-American countries had become extensive. There were twenty or more such companies, of which the largest were the Boston Fruit Company and the Central American interests, headed by Minor C. Keith. These two companies amalgamated, later absorbing others and forming what is often called the largest agricultural organization in the world.

Mr. Preston has come to be regarded in a vast area of the Latin-American countries as an industrial empire builder. The Central or South American may not often go out of his way to praise the American business man, but for Mr. Preston and his company he has a very great regard; the intelligent Latin American appreciates as few North Americans can realize the extensive work that has been done by the United Fruit Company under Mr. Preston's direction to redeem the tropical jungles and carry modern conditions to the unhappy people there. What this company has done in developing great stretches of disease-laden swamps into productive lands, which yield bountiful crops of fruit and where people may live in healthful surroundings, is impressed upon the visitor to the southern countries; those who have not been there may gain an idea of the epochal work that has been done in the tropics by a great industrial concern through reading such excellent discussions of Latin-American development as "Conquest of the Tropics," by Frederick Upham Adams, or the series of articles on "The Future of the Panama Canal," by Professor George H. Blakeslee, of Clark University, that recently appeared in *The Outlook*.

The territory that Mr. Preston and his com-



ANDREW W. PRESTON

pany have developed out of the miasmal areas in the Spanish-American countries forms almost a rim around the Caribbean Sea. In Cuba, Jamaica, Colombia, Costa Rica, Honduras, San Domingo, Guatemala, Nicaragua, and Panama, the United Fruit Company has improved and made sanitary, livable, and agriculturally productive a total of 1,210,443 acres, of which 1,098,095 acres are owned by the company. In these countries, also, this company has constructed and now maintains 743 miles of railways and 532 miles of tramways; and in carrying American goods to these countries and bringing back to the United States the products of the tropical republics this company operates ninety steamships, with a total tonnage of 248,607.

Seaports have been created, hotels and hospitals built; thousands of residents of these countries have been educated to live under modern conditions and have been taught the rules of sanitation and hygiene. Before the memorable work of sanitation in the Panama Canal Zone had been achieved the United Fruit Company had put into practical effect laws of sanitation which cleaned the tropical swamps and defied disease.

The head of the Tulane School of Tropical Medicine of New Orleans has said: "The magic touch of tropical sanitation introduced by the United Fruit Company has transformed this deadly climate into a habitable zone."

Mr. Adams, writing of tropical sanitation, says:

The United States did not take over the Panama Canal and establish and begin the work of the sanitation of its zone until 1903. In 1900, three years prior to this event, the United Fruit Company had an industrial army of more than 15,000 men at work on cultivated tracts covering more than 60,000 acres of normally disease-breeding coastal lands in Costa Rica, Cuba, Honduras, Jamaica, San Domingo, and Colombia. Had there been any high degree of mortality in this army of men, there would have gone up a cry of indignation from all of the civilized world against a corporation which was willing to sacrifice lives in order to derive profits from bananas and other tropical fruits. But no such cry went up, and the plain and sufficient reason was that the United Fruit Company had already mastered and applied the basic principles of the system which later made possible the completion of the Panama Canal without awful sacrifice of life.

Until a comparatively few years ago, the hundreds of miles of coast from Colon to

Belize and from Panama City to Salina Cruz remained practically uninhabited. The horrors and dangers of the few villages that lay along the coast have been described as unspeakable. Prior to the advent of the United Fruit Company, the annual death rate in a typical Central American coast settlement was 150 out of 1,000. These former dangerous tracts of tropical swamps to-day constitute one of the most productive agricultural sections of the globe. Before this development, the United States imported no more than 300,000 bunches of bananas annually from these countries; to-day the annual importation of bananas from the Latin-American countries is in excess of 50,000,000 bunches, besides the imports of many other fruits grown. All this has been accomplished by the United Fruit Company in approximately fifteen years. In one of his recent articles in *The Outlook* Professor Blakeslee said:

To-day, after the introduction of modern sanitation and the application of the lessons of Cuba and Panama, the United Fruit Company operates, free from tropical scourges, cultivated areas aggregating 500,000 square miles. . . . The company is responsible for the health of 65,000 employees and dependents. Yet a year ago it did not have a single quarantinable disease on any of its estates. . . . The United Fruit Company has spent nearly half a million dollars on hospitals and permanent sanitary equipment; it keeps a competent staff of physicians at every settlement, and the past year expended about \$355,000 to preserve the health of its employees and dependents.

In a large sense, the United Fruit Company has set a valuable example to American enterprise in the development of an American merchant marine. Its ninety ships, sailing under the American flag, carry great loads of products from the United States to the Latin-American countries and bring back the abundant yields of those countries. Mr. Preston not long since, on being asked what was the aim of his company, replied:

The aim of the United Fruit Company is to continue its work of linking the United States, commercially and industrially, with the American tropics, and to share in the rewards of the mutually enhanced prosperity of both sections.

Mr. Preston is seventy years old, a hearty, healthy man, vigorous after a long life of service and large achievements. He is still active in the business of the United Fruit Company.

REVOLUTIONIZING FARM METHODS

BY ROBERT H. MOULTON

THE past three years have seen the beginning and the development of the County Farm Bureau movement in the United States. Ever since the foundation of our agricultural colleges and the United States Department of Agriculture there has been a constantly increasing desire on the part of all classes of people interested to get before the country, as a whole, the best agricultural information obtainable in a concrete way.

Such attempts have been many and varied as to nature, the most of them falling far short of the mark because they did not take into cognizance the fact that our busy farmers have not the time to read countless voluminous bulletins, and, furthermore, like any other business men, keenly resented being told how to run their business.

The placing of a man in an individual county by the Government, a man who would live in the county and study conditions as found there, was a step in the right direction, but where this man was completely in the pay of the Government the idea was still too paternalistic to accomplish widespread results. As long as the people themselves in a given community are not vitally concerned in any project going on there it can never assume anything like great proportions.

Three years ago, with the organizing of the Crop Improvement Committee of the Council of Grain Exchanges, this plan was taken up and modified, with the argument that the county stands for a definite unit in every State, and that each county is also subdivided into townships and school districts, which are common throughout the United States. If the people of each county could so organize some sort of development association which would take in all phases of the development of that county, it would be a tremendous thing, and one in which every citizen of the county could and should become vitally interested.

Upon examination of the subject, it is found that practically all interests found in each county are more or less organized except agriculture. This new movement of county-wide organization, devoted primarily to agricultural interests, has already become

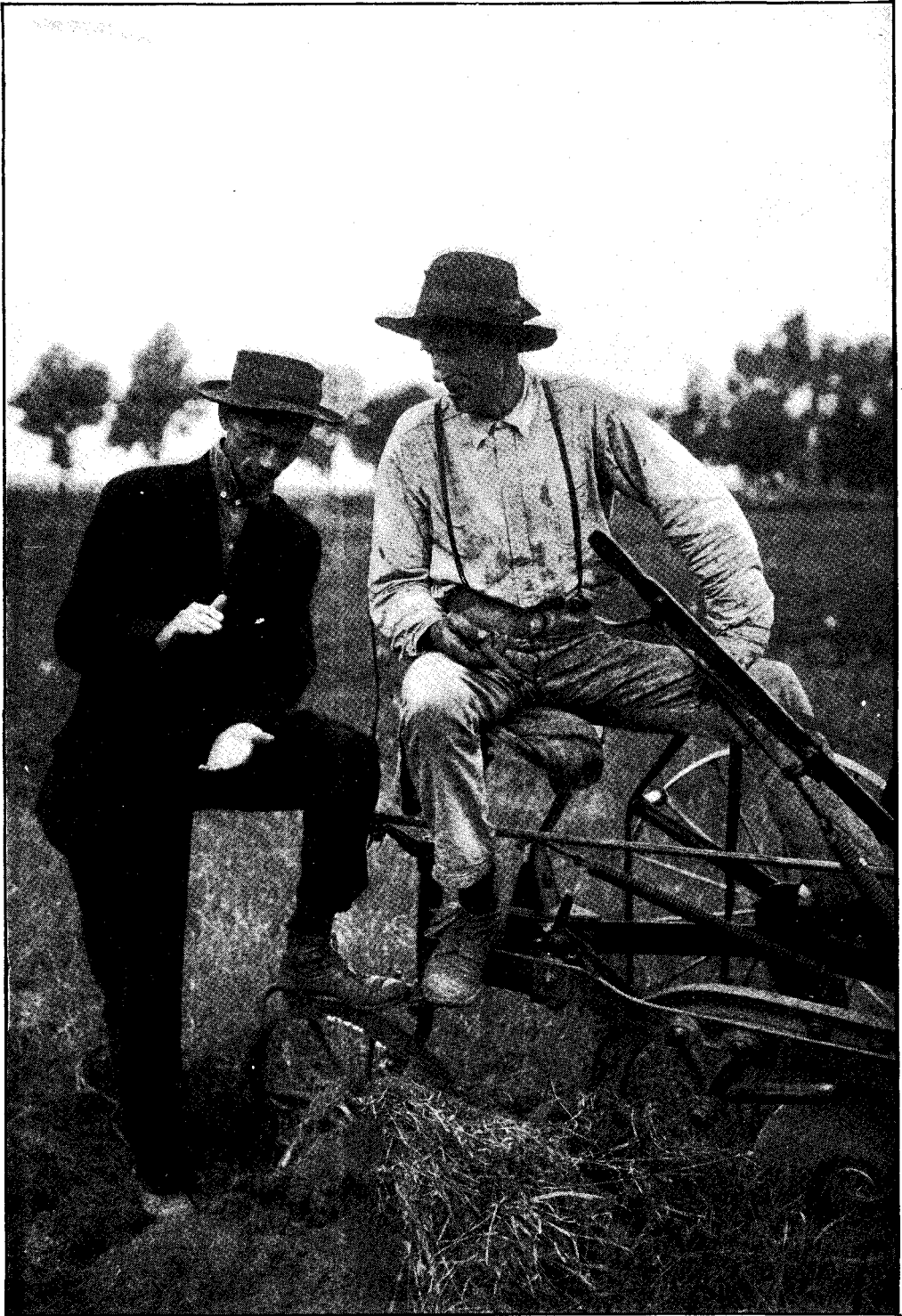
National, and is bound to carry with it every county of any importance in the United States, because it solves the get-together spirit of the commercial life as well as the social life of every community.

At this time there are 313 counties in the United States so organized, with a paid county agent or adviser at the head of each. His work embraces silos, crops, live stock, cultural and tillage methods, better roads, and is now found to be reaching out into the schools where agriculture is taught and introducing it into those where it is not taught, and into the question of markets and credits. In short, the movement has become an agricultural-commercial club for each county to broaden its scope in every way.

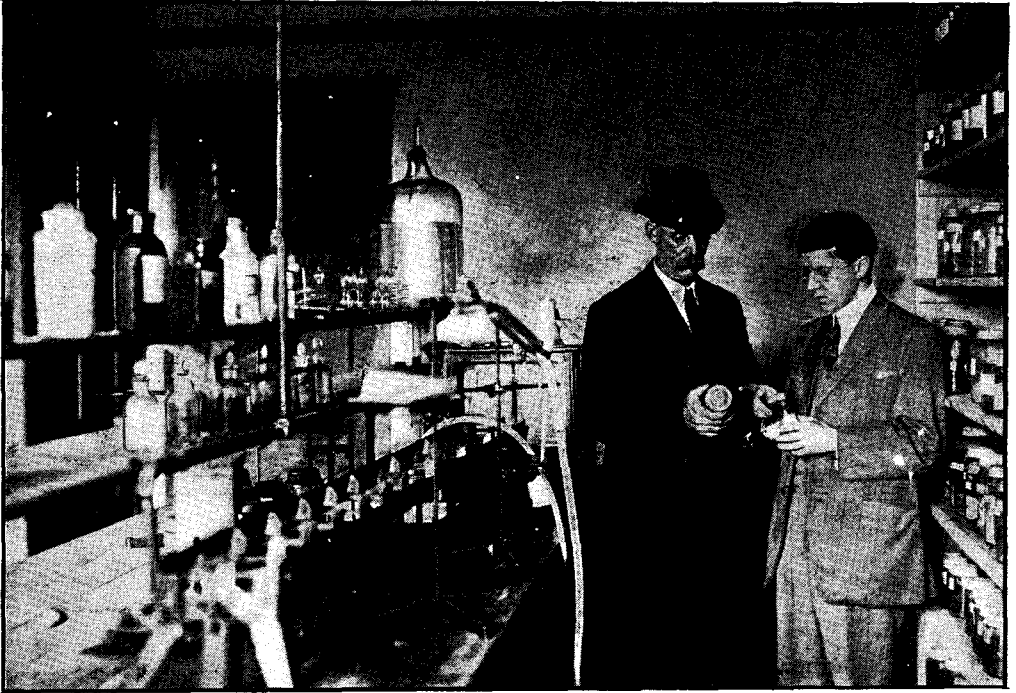
Sixteen States in the Union—Indiana, Wisconsin, New York, Minnesota, Michigan, North Dakota, New Jersey, Ohio, Utah, Oregon, Washington, Vermont, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, and Illinois—have already passed a law allowing the county supervisors to appropriate money for the use of the County Farm Bureau or Development Association. This law recognizes the fact that local support, or the democratic idea, is the proper thing in keeping this association on its feet, and consequently requires a certain fund to be raised before the county fund becomes available. In other States counties are organized in a variety of ways, but the general steps are for some one who is interested to call a meeting of all business men and prominent farmers of the county. They decide to form an association, either independently or under the auspices of the commercial club. After this has been decided a constitution is adopted and an active campaign for members undertaken. Members are charged a nominal fee, and additional money is generally raised through contributions from bankers or from railways and other business men of the county who are interested in greater agricultural development of the county. This, coupled with the financial support given by the county board and the collaboration of the United States Department of Agriculture, from which source there has been available to a number of counties in the United States a \$1,200 fund per year for such col-



AN ILLINOIS "FARM ADVISER" MAKING HIS VISITS. EACH MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATION HAS A SIGN IN FRONT OF HIS HOUSE SHOWING HIS MEMBERSHIP



THE BEST DEPTH TO PLOW—A CONFERENCE BETWEEN THE ADVISER AND A FARMER



A COUNTY ASSOCIATION'S LABORATORY FOR THE INVESTIGATION OF THE FARMER'S PROBLEMS

laboration, makes a comprehensive plan for financing such an organization.

The county adviser is always on the job. He not only visits the different farms in his county during the spring, summer, and fall, but gives lectures during the winter and answers all letters sent him. He brings to the county in concrete shape all the scientific facts that have so long been bottled up in our colleges and experiment stations, which have by no means been put to general use. Through the local clubs every one finds out how the best farmers of each community are conducting such phases of their work, and consequently there is a tremendous tendency to adopt these good ways by committees, and thus great results soon become apparent,

Strange as it may seem, the smallest part of the county farm agent's work is advisory. The farmers resent the adviser idea, and justly. No class of people likes to be the subject of definite uplift work ; but the first problems to be solved in rural communities are those of organization and team-work, which make it possible to secure the results aimed at.

For instance, it requires the co-operation of a neighborhood to adopt single varieties of grain and standardize the product of the community so that it can be offered in suffi-

cient quantity to demand better prices. Hog cholera cannot be eradicated unless the community works together in reporting the disease so that serum may be promptly administered and such sanitary precautions taken as are necessary to prevent it from spreading. One man cannot drag the roads continually. An individual farmer can hardly be expected to keep his place free of weeds if his neighbors allow the same weeds to mature just across the fence. Smut cannot be eradicated from one farm if winds from surrounding fields blow across that place, carrying the disease spores.

During the summer the county adviser makes from two hundred and fifty to four hundred visits to the different farms in his county. At each farm he makes a soil map of the different fields. He takes notes of the different soil types, the drainage, the fertility, the adaptability of the varieties of seeds on that particular farm ; he also takes notes of the position and kind of buildings on the farm, the social and economic conditions of the neighborhood, and attempts to get in close touch with the farmer and his family. Samples of soil are taken from certain selected places in each field to be analyzed. In the fall, when most of the farms have been visited and the soil analyzed, the adviser meets the



EXPLAINING THE NECESSITY OF CLEANING AND GRADING OATS TO ELIMINATE WASTE

farmers of each township in an all-day conference. He tells each man what is deficient in his soil, what sort of crops he would better plant for the coming year and the proper rotation, and advises the farmers in a multitude of other personal problems. Wholesome advice is also interspersed, for it is the county farm agent's intention to improve the social as well the purely economic conditions.

The personal visits, the conferences and lectures, naturally increase the knowledge of most of the farmers regarding the latest agricultural information. The members of the various associations learn to know each of the soil types of their county by sight; they recognize the numerous insect pests and know the remedies for their extermination. They learn how to test seeds, and discover which variety is best adapted to each farm. They learn the value of rotation, leguminous crops, raw rock phosphate and limestone. Through the medium of their township organization, which elects its own officers, and through the medium of the agricultural adviser's office, both the members and the non-members learn to know one another.

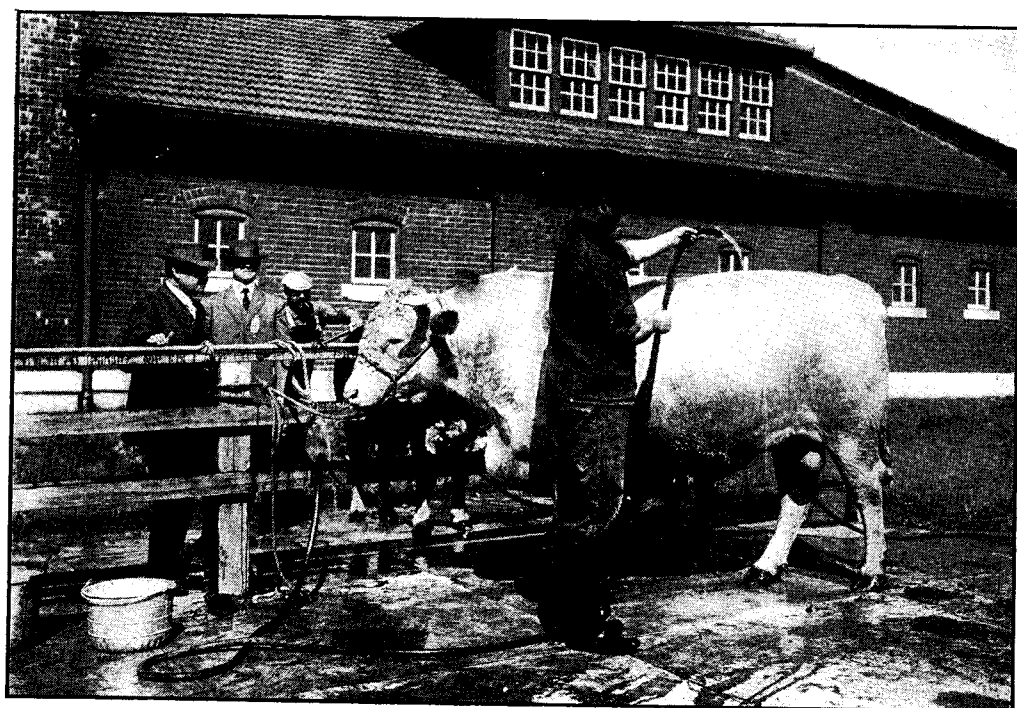
The social intercourse develops a strong spirit of co-operation, both among the members and with the other organizations of the

county. In one county in Illinois one of the first evidences of co-operation was that of seed-buying. Early in the fall of the first year of the association, following a suggestion of the agricultural adviser and a few members of the association, notices were sent to the different members, asking them to make a list of the seeds they needed, if they cared to pool their purchase with their neighbors. As a result, orders came in for thousands of dollars' worth, and a discount was received on the one order almost large enough to pay the adviser's salary for one year. Besides the discount, additional benefits were received when the agricultural adviser examined the seeds to make sure they were of good quality, the right variety, and free from bad weed seeds. By this method the association is also seeking to build up a uniform variety of corn, oats, etc., which, when of superior quality and marketed in large quantities, will command a higher price than that quoted on the regular market.

Another step in co-operation which has come about through the work of the same association is the co-operative slaughterhouse and laundry. The slaughterhouse has already been established in several townships and the laundry in two. In each case the house is located in a central position in the



THE COUNTY AGENT'S VISIT WILL RESULT IN BETTER WOOL AND FINER MUTTON



BETTER METHODS OF CARING FOR STOCK ARE INTRODUCED BY THE COUNTY AGENT

township and a man hired to do the work on a salary for the different farmers of the community.

The 156 county agents who reported the results of their work during 1915 to the office of Farm Management of the United States Department of Agriculture showed that the benefits directly traceable to their work were worth millions to the farmers in their counties.

During 1915 county agents were directly responsible for the construction of 1,804 silos, the improvement of 617 farm buildings, the installation of forty water supply systems, and improvements in sanitary conditions and appearance of home grounds on 597 farms.

In addition to the above work, the 156 county agents mentioned advised in the management of 3,941 farms, analyzed in detail 2,939 farms, made working plans for 2,105 farms, worked out rotation plans for 2,293 farms and drainage plans for 425 others.

Most of the work of these agents cannot be measured in dollars and cents, but the value of that part of the work which can be so measured is conservatively estimated at more than one and a half million dollars. In other words, each of these 156 agents in 1915 added \$10,000 in direct returns to the

income of the farmers of his county—and the majority of them had hardly begun their work.

"The fault of the old system," said Mr. Bert Ball, Secretary of the Crop Improvement Committee, "has been that a perfectly good demonstration may be made at a certain point showing the increase in crop yield, better ways of feeding, or better ways of treating soil for certain results, and yet no means was left to cause the general adoption of the plans shown to be so effective. The County Farm Bureau plan gets just such results, and this is the real reason for its tremendous popularity.

"I believe there is easily a million dollars a year uncollected, or wasted, in every county of anything like agricultural importance in the United States. This loss not only affects each individual farmer, but every business man in that county and State, so that the movement of which I speak is rightly becoming a business man's movement, and emanates largely from commercial sources, primarily for commercial reasons. In this the farmers have been recognized in their true light as the prime movers of commerce, and, being a part of the organization, will not only help build up but get their just share of the benefits."

"THE GREAT MAZE" AND "THE HEART OF YOUTH"

IT is always dangerous to praise a book by Hermann Hagedorn. Those who have followed with attention his career as a poet have learned by now that it is wise to keep a liberal stock of adjectives in reserve. Each of his volumes has shown such marked development over those which preceded it that we have rather grown into the habit of saying, "This is fine poetry, Mr. Hagedorn, and when does your next volume come out?"

Mr. Hagedorn's "Woman of Corinth" was rapid and vivid. It was a story well told, even though its characters moved with, rather than controlled, the course of events. The "Troop of the Guard and Other Poems" showed a marked but sometimes fatal facility in the handling of words. It had imagination and flashes of mature insight. In "Poems and Ballads" Mr. Hagedorn displayed an increased ability to handle his medium and a growth of vision and understand-

ing. Yet the volume, taken as a whole, did not quite satisfy. It was weakened in effect perhaps more by its failure to depict the character of the poet himself than by any lack of skill in handling the subjects and thoughts dealt with.

In his present volume Mr. Hagedorn has combined all the virtues of his previous works. He has gained tremendously in sustained technical ability, he has gained tremendously in his understanding and presentation of character. His latest work shows a wider and more catholic outlook on life than anything that he has hitherto published.

His present volume, as the title indicates, contains two long poems, "The Great Maze" and "The Heart of Youth." "The Great Maze" is a modern version of the story of Clytemnestra and Agamemnon. We say modern version, but perhaps the adjective "modern" is misleading. We call his poem modern because it is human. There is nothing

¹ The Great Maze—The Heart of Youth. By Hermann Hagedorn. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.25.

ing archaistic in its flavor. Agamemnon and Clytæmnestra have the proper dignity which belongs to life in any age. Mr. Hagedorn has not modernized his characters by making them cheap. He has modernized them by making them universal.

Agamemnon holding Electra close to his heart is still the Agamemnon of tradition, but he is also a human being with warm hands and understanding eyes. In the moonlit garden with Electra he fights out part of the problem of the treachery of Ægisthus. Electra, understanding little except that her father is troubled and unhappy, cries, "How sad you sound!" and Agamemnon replies:

"Not sad, my heart. But old. Old as those stars.

And they are older than all living things,
All houses and all temples and all gods,
Older than Zeus's father. They rode there
Before Deucalion was, or Uranos,
Or Chronos, father of the years. Some day
I shall be just a little heap of dust,
And then a few years more, you will be dust,
And all your children and your children's
babes,

All of them will be dust; but those white
ships

Will still be sailing nightly, and in worlds
That have forgotten Agamemnon—yes,
And even sweet Electra—men will still

Watch their slow journey through that wave-
less deep,
And holding close their little girls be glad
That in this grim, sad world there still are
stars."

Such a passage as this furnishes not only testimony of the intimate humanity of Mr. Hagedorn's poem, but also of his passion for beauty of thought and sound.

Unlike many of his contemporaries, Mr. Hagedorn has had the vision to see that life cannot be painted solely in the light of flashes of hate, fear, and disillusion. He knows that there are painted faces in the world but he is also sure in his belief that there are faces under the paint. It is a relief to read a modern poet who can see some middle ground between saccharine and carboic acid.

The second poem in Mr. Hagedorn's volume is his remarkable verse play, "The Heart of Youth." The play is already familiar to readers of *The Outlook*, for it was published entire in our pages. We know that there are many who will welcome this opportunity of having it in book form. "The Heart of Youth" for its humor, beauty, and spirituality deserves a high ranking. Taken with "The Great Maze" it constitutes very acceptable proof that Mr. Hagedorn is come into his own.

KNOLL PAPERS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

MY RELIGION

BISHOP COLENSO, of Africa, in 1862, in what was popularly regarded as an attack on the Bible, pointed out errors in the historical narratives in the Pentateuch. Dean Stanley, in a personal letter to the Bishop, maintaining that errors in the Bible constituted no argument against its inspiration, indicated the radical difference between the Oriental or Biblical and the Puritanical conceptions of inspiration:

The modern Puritanical notion of Divine Origin is of a preternatural force or voice, putting aside secondary agencies and separated from those agencies by an impassable gulf. The ancient Oriental, Biblical notion was of a supreme will acting through those agencies, or, rather, being inseparable from them. *Our* notions of Inspiration and Divine communications insist on absolute perfection of fact, morals, doctrine. The Biblical notion was that

Inspiration was compatible with weakness, infirmity, contradiction.

I accept the Oriental or Biblical and reject the Puritanical conception. Inspiration does not involve infallibility. God does not save man the trouble of thinking; he does not think for man; he inspires man to do his own thinking. There is no real distinction between the natural and the supernatural; the natural is all supernatural. This is a preface to what follows.

An unknown friend asks me if I pray to the Father or to Jesus Christ or to the Holy Spirit, and if I believe that the Holy Spirit is a person.

I know no difference between them. I do not believe in three Gods, but only in one God, which is perhaps the reason why I am sometimes called a Unitarian. "God in three persons, blessed Trinity," is Bishop

Heber's statement of the Trinity. It is probably the phrase most commonly used in evangelical churches in the expression of the worshippers' faith. My Latin dictionary tells me that *persona* means mask—the character which an actor assumes in his various appearances upon the stage. I believe, not in three persons in one God, but in one God in three persons.

I believe in God dwelling in nature as the spirit of man dwells in his body, omnipresent in all its parts; the Infinite and Eternal Energy from whom all things proceed.

I believe in God dwelling in man, our best Friend, our most intimate Companion, and filling the one incomparable life of Jesus of Nazareth so full of himself that Jesus is the supreme manifestation of God in human history. Not God *and* man, but God *in* man. I learned this from my father in my boyhood. He writes in his "Corner-Stone:" "God is a Spirit . . . that is, he has no form, no place, no throne. Where he acts, there only can we see him." In Jesus Christ we see him acting in a human life: "God manifest in the flesh; the visible image of one all-pervading Deity, himself forever invisible."

I believe that God dwells in one Man that we may realize that he dwells in all men who will welcome him as their companion. We cannot come to him nor can we go from him. He is the Universal Presence. "If I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there." He is with John the beloved, Peter the denier, Pilate the coward, Caiaphas the corrupt, Judas the traitor. All ground is holy ground; every bush is a burning bush.

I believe that God is the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. I cannot believe that he appeared only to the Hebrew people and left all other peoples uncared for. He is the secret of all that is worthy in human life and human history. He inspired the devotion of the Hebrews, the art of the Greeks, the law of the Romans, the commercial enterprise of the Anglo-Saxons. Devotion may be perverted, God forgotten, and Pharisaic pride or irreligious ceremonialism may take religion's place; art may be perverted, and what should be an inspiration to the spirit may be made to minister to the brutal self-indulgence of the body; law may be perverted, and what should protect the weak and the ignorant may be made an instrument of oppression and injustice; commerce may be perverted, and what should be a means of world-wide mutual service may become the instrument of personal greed and

self-aggrandizement. Yet God is the author and inspirer of devotion, art, law, commerce.

As he is in all nations, in all religions, and in all history, so he is with all individuals, whether they know him or not. Inspiration is not an episode; it is a universal experience. My house is electric-lighted. Some bulbs possess more light-giving power than others, but all are endowed with this power by the same dynamo. The Greek poet and the Hebrew prophet have more watt power than their contemporaries, but both are lighted from the same source. God has inspired many statesmen besides Moses, many soldiers besides Joshua, many mothers besides Hannah, many singers besides David, many preachers besides Isaiah. I believe that he forgives all my iniquities, heals all my diseases, redeems my life from destruction, crowns me with loving-kindness and tender mercies, and fills my years with good so that my youth is renewed like the eagle, not because I read the story of this experience in the Psalms, but because I experience it in my own life; but perhaps I should never have experienced it in my own life if I had not first read it in the Psalms.

I know no difference between the secular and the religious. My friend tells me that he gets more help to high and holy living from Whittier than from the Psalms. Then read Whittier. Whoever best guides you to the life of love, service, and sacrifice is for you the best guide. "The Eternal Goodness" may be for you more inspiring than the One Hundred and Third Psalm, though I venture to doubt whether "The Eternal Goodness" would ever have been written if the One Hundred and Third Psalm had not been first written.

The presence of God and the consciousness of God's presence often are, but never ought to be, confounded. One window of my bedroom looks toward the east. I like in the early morning to see the sun rise over the eastern hill, and a little later to bask for a few moments in its rays. Then, warmed, quickened, purified, by this sun-bath, I take up my day's work. I forget the sun, but it does not forget me, and whether the day be dark or bright, gray or sunny, I live in the sunlight, though not always in the sunshine. Prayer I think of as a voluntary turning for a few moments of joyful consciousness to the light of His countenance in whose light we all are always living.

It is a strange phenomenon, this world-

wide experience of worship. How diverse its forms, how essentially one in spirit! This week, when you are reading this confession of your friend's faith, many millions, that they may realize the presence of God, will have assembled, in the silence of the Friends' Meeting, in the various liturgies of the Protestant communions, in the mysterious majesty of the Roman Catholic Mass, and also in numberless pagan temples and places of prayer, inspired by fear or hope or reverence or selfish desire or unselfish love, but all alike by a faith, vague or well defined, clear or misty, in some power higher than themselves, without and yet within the soul, unseen, unheard, and yet not so far away but that he can see the needs and hear the cry of his children.

Nor are these untold millions of conscious seekers after God the only ones that seek him. Every artist endeavoring to interpret on canvas the vision of beauty in his own soul, every lawyer endeavoring to interpret in social conduct his vision of justice, every philosopher endeavoring to see and to utter the truth which transcends all our broken and fragmentary utterances, every philanthropist endeavoring to minister to the need of his fellow-men, every father and mother endeavoring to inspire in their children the spirit of truth, purity, courage, and honor—all are seeking to express to others the best in themselves—that is, to express to others the message which the God-inspired thought of their own souls has given to them.

A friend a few years ago called my atten-

tion to a book entitled "*Sadhāna the Realization of Life*," by Rabindranath Tagore, the Indian poet. He thought I would find in it an expression of my own faith. He was right. To many of my readers much of the book would seem, I suppose, meaningless mysticism. I must be something of an Orientalist in my thinking, for it appears to me as a wonderful interpretation of life. Take the following passage as an illustration:

Man's history is the history of his journey to the unknown in quest of the realization of his immortal self—his soul. Through the rise and fall of empires; through the building up of gigantic piles of wealth and the ruthless scattering of them upon the dust; through the creation of vast bodies of symbols that give shape to his dreams and aspirations, and the casting of them away like the playthings of an outworn infancy; through his forging of magic keys with which to unlock the mysteries of creation; and through his throwing away of this labor of ages to go back to his workshop and work up afresh some new form; yes, through it all man is marching from epoch to epoch towards the fullest realization of his soul—the soul which is greater than the things man accumulates, the deeds he accomplishes, the theories he builds; the soul whose onward course is never checked by death or dissolution.

He who is seeking to find himself is seeking to find God. For whenever the wanderer comes to himself he comes to God, the God who is within him, unseen, unrecognized, but never quite unheard.

The Knoll, Cornwall-on-the-Hudson.

THE FOUR CORNER-STONES OF SUCCESS

BY THEODORE H. PRICE

By this time our readers know that Mr. Price is an expert on the financial, economic, and commercial questions of the day. More than that, he has an unusually gifted method of discussing them. Nevertheless, we have asked him to let us use the space this month commonly devoted to his economic articles for a special purpose of our own. When he found that this purpose was to print an address which he made the other day to a group of young men in New York City, he demurred on the ground that he did not wish to claim to be a teacher of ethics. However, we won our controversy, and present the address herewith to our readers. We believe the world is more and more coming to see that a simple system of ethics is as essential to politics and business quite as much as it is to the so-called idealistic relations of mankind. Mr. Price's testimony is of special value because he is not a mere theorist. He is successfully and prominently active in one of the foremost and most important fields of business in the United States to-day.—THE EDITORS.

I HAVE been asked to talk to you about the qualifications that a young man or woman should have in order to secure business success. I am sorry that my subject is thus delimited, for the world is, I am

glad to say, coming to regard business success as a much less accurate measure of a person's ability and worth than many other forms of achievement, and the purchasing power of money expressed in terms of hap-

piness is probably lower to-day than ever before.

The men and women of the twentieth century who are most in the public eye and are most admired and loved are not those who have accumulated great fortunes, but those who have worked to increase the happiness of mankind and the beauty of the world.

It is not necessary and it would be invidious to mention names, but the fact that no business man has ever been elected President of the United States or secured a place in our Hall of Fame at the University of New York is significant of the comparative disesteem in which commercial success is held when it is measured against the achievements of great statesmen, soldiers, preachers, authors, artists, inventors, or doctors. Almost any one who will make a list of the twenty men more than ten years dead who are in his opinion best entitled to distinction will be surprised to find that it includes few, if any, who were possessors of great fortunes.

Speaking here in New York the other day, President Wilson said, "Making money is legitimate, but it is not ideal;" and I hope the time is not far off when the desire to succeed in business will not imply a desire for a larger fortune than can be spent without foolish extravagance or injurious self-indulgence.

The accumulation of a competency that will enable us to live in refinement and die in comfort is, of course, a commendable purpose; and I shall assume that you want me to tell you what are, in my opinion, the qualifications that will help you most in the realization of that purpose. I am not sure that I can say anything that will be of value. The subject is a trite one.

The four corner-stones of all success are self-control, a reasonably good education (which may be self-acquired), industry, and ambition.

I shall assume that you all possess these fundamentals. If you don't, you are wasting your time listening to me. You can employ it better by trying to cultivate these qualities.

Every one understands what they are and how to cultivate or obtain them; and upon the foundation of which they are the corner-stones we may proceed to build the edifice of success with confidence.

In its construction we should be careful that its architectural style and purpose harmonize with our ideals. We should select a congenial occupation, and one that accords

with our aptitudes and ambition. It is difficult for the boy who wants to be a doctor or a lawyer to content himself as a merchant, or for one who is a natural trader and organizer to be satisfied as a newspaper man. We must have congenial employment in order to be enthusiastic, and enthusiasm is indispensable to anything beyond mediocrity. The etymology of the word is in itself an inspiration.

It is from two Greek words: *En*—in; and *Theos*—God. When the Greeks said a man was *En Theos*, they meant that he had the divine spirit in him. It was almost the highest compliment they could pay; and the faith and determination that can remove mountains is to-day no less than the emanation of an enthusiasm without which we should never do much more than we were compelled to. But enthusiasm, essential as it is, may lead us into error unless it is balanced by inclusiveness of vision and accuracy of observation.

We must be able to see everything that is visible, and apprehend some things that are invisible, if we are to avoid mistakes, and we must see and apprehend accurately.

It will not do to be color blind or careless as we study the field in which our activities are to be employed.

If we do, we may deceive ourselves and others, and our most exhausting efforts will be unrewarded.

Deliberate untruthfulness is far less common than is generally supposed, but many people mistake the facts because they have failed to observe them or have not looked them in the face. They have first deceived themselves and then deceived others.

Shakespeare knew this when he said:

"This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man,"

and he thus gave poetical form to what must be one of the axioms of the successful man or woman.

When we have learned to see all that there is to be seen, to remember what we see accurately, and to report and record it correctly and fully, we have acquired a habit which enormously increases our value to ourselves and others.

But to the inclusive and accurate vision there must be added the thoughtful mind that endeavors to correlate the things seen.

One of the most successful advertisers in this country has adopted the phrase, "There's

a reason," as the catchword of his appeal to the public.

If every young man and woman in this country would always say to themselves, "There's a reason" for everything they see, and keep trying to find out what that reason is, the result would be an incalculable advance in the average of human intelligence in the United States.

The careless employee who never looks beyond his nose and never tries to find a new way of doing things is the first one to lose his job when business gets dull, and the last one to be advanced when promotion is possible.

The inclusiveness and accuracy of vision for which I plead is also essential to what is called a sense of proportion and a correct appraisal of life's values.

The railway engineer who runs his train to destruction, the pilot who wrecks his ship, and the merchant or manufacturer who finds himself caught with a heavy stock of high-priced goods on hand are all generally at fault in the same way. They have failed to see the signals, and they are properly classed as failures.

These qualifications—self-control, education, industry, ambition, congenial employment, enthusiasm, and a comprehensively accurate vision—comprise what may be described as the physical and intellectual equipment that is necessary to success in life; but even this combination will not enable us to recognize our greatest opportunities unless we are informed by an imagination that pictures forth the future for us and tempts us to try and grasp it.

The men who have done the really great things in life have been men of imagination—discoverers, inventors, and pioneers in the progress of society everywhere—have been men who were able to visualize the unseen.

It is this gift of imagination that transfigures the business man into an artist, and makes constructive work a pleasure to him long after there is any need for him to work. Probably one reason why American men so often die in the harness is that they are fascinated by the task to which they have set themselves, and are impelled to continue the embellishment and extension of the business structures that they dreamed of in youth, set up in middle life, and regard as still unfinished when they come to die.

Certainly there is no part of the earth that stimulates the imagination of the constructive

mind more intensely than the United States to-day.

Never before in the world's history have a hundred million people speaking a common language, and most of whom can read and write, been gathered together under one flag. In one respect at least they are animated by the same ideal. It is the improvement of their economic condition. They all want to learn more, chiefly because they seek to increase the comfort and refinement of life for themselves and their children.

It is a legitimate ideal, and because it is legitimate it will be realized. In the process of its realization men will earn more and spend more; and it is quite possible that the domestic trade of the United States, conducted to supply the wants of a hundred million people, exceeds that of all Europe, where the population is about four times as great.

Take the consumption of cotton, for instance. In the United States we now use thirty-five pounds per capita, as against an average of only eight pounds per capita for the rest of the world. This means that we have more clothes, table-cloths, and sheets. The same thing is true with regard to sugar. It may be unhealthy, though I doubt it, for sugar is a form of food; but the fact is that the average per capita consumption of sugar in this country is now about eighty-nine pounds a year, against twelve pounds in Italy and forty-five pounds in Germany just before the war. The average consumption of sugar for each man, woman, and child in the United States has increased thirty pounds in the last fifteen years. In many other directions we are spending a great deal more than we did twenty years ago—not because we are more extravagant, but because we have more to spend. We buy 800,000 automobiles a year now, and pay for them nearly \$700,000,000. Ten years ago the automobile was more or less of a curiosity. It is in organizing to satisfy these newly created wants that the business men of the past decade have found their greatest opportunities, and it is in the same direction that the greatest opportunities will be found in the future. Within my own recollection the population of the United States has more than doubled, and its purchasing power has been multiplied many times. It is altogether possible that many of those here to-day will live to see this country with a population of two hundred millions, whose earning power, increased by a study

of efficiency and the use of labor-saving machinery, will sustain a trade five times larger than that of to-day; and it is upon the opportunities of this domestic trade expansion that young men and young women should fix their eyes. Every one of you can in some way secure a participation in the profits that it will yield or the employment that it will provide, and the extent of that participation depends largely upon yourselves, your industry, enthusiasm, and imagination.

But in thus picturing forth the business opportunities that are open to the present generation of young Americans I would not forget to remind you that business success, however great, will not bring you happiness unless along with industry, ambition, and imagination you have the sympathy that makes you glad and anxious to help others. It is an old saying that happiness comes from within, but I think it is a misstatement. I never knew a man that was entirely separated from his fellows that was happy. Happiness is a reflex of sympathetic endeavor, and we can't be really happy unless we are trying to make some one else happy. The most beautiful story I ever heard was that of a lady, the wife of an English nobleman, who, in the absence of her husband from home, had found it necessary to employ a new footman. When her husband, Sir John, was returning, it became the duty of the footman to meet him at the station, and he asked the lady to describe him, that he should make no mistake and greet the wrong man. She answered: "James, you need not make any mistake. He is a tall man and you will find him helping some one."

Success generally engenders a craving for beauty. Rich men buy pictures; rich women, beautiful jewelry and clothes. Very early in his rise to power Napoleon became a patron of the arts; but there is a form of beauty that is within the reach of every one, however limited his income. It is the beauty of character. Its flower is courtesy. Its fruit is sympathy, and the plant whereon it grows is love—the love that "suffereth long and is kind, that is not puffed up, that vaunteth not itself, that envieth not and rejoiceth in the truth."

This sort of love, as Henry Drummond called it, is the "greatest thing in the world." Without it success becomes failure, with it failure becomes success.

But I cannot close without improving the opportunity to say just one thing more.

These glorious opportunities that exist in America, the schools in which we are educated, the laws which protect life and property and punish dishonesty—are all made possible by a government in the support and administration of which you and I must make ourselves felt if it is to continue. The young men and women of this generation have so long been accustomed to enjoy the advantages of this government that some of them, I fear, have come to regard it, like the air they breathe, as part of nature's provision for their welfare, about which they need give themselves no concern.

The result is an unconsciousness of civic responsibility and a lack of National feeling that is lamentable.

This is a government of the people and by the people, but it will not much longer be a government for the people unless the people, which means you and me, actively concern themselves about the way the government is administered. Every one of you who has a vote or expects to have one should understand the machinery by which the laws are made and administered in both the State and Nation.

He should know who are his representatives in Congress and the State Legislature. How many of you do? He should watch their action upon all public questions, and when he doesn't approve it he should write them and say so, and when it comes to election he should vote intelligently and try to get others to do so.

In "The Deserted Village" Goldsmith said:

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,

Where wealth accumulates and men decay," and the decay of manhood and the disappearance of opportunity in the United States are absolutely certain to follow our present apathy in regard to the action of our elected representatives unless we are soon awakened to the exercise of our political duty and the individual exertion of our political power.

BY THE WAY

Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree recently visited New York City's Negro theater, the "Lafayette," as a guest of honor. The colored players are preparing to give a performance of "Othello," and Sir Herbert pronounced this character (Shakespeare's only colored hero) the greatest gentleman that Shakespeare ever drew.

The Kaiser's horoscope, as well as that of the Czar and King George, is cast in a new book entitled "Stars of Destiny." "Astrological prediction," it says, "is almost universal in foreshadowing humiliation and defeat for the German Emperor." The unfortunate sign that double-crosses the Kaiser's career is said to have been present also in the natal charts of Napoleon and of Philip of Spain (of Armada celebrity).

Denver believes in advertising. It is to issue a million color post-cards, a quarter of a million guide-books, half a million one-day-trip pamphlets, and much other matter, to be distributed by a tourists' bureau, under the direction of the city, with the aim of attracting summer visitors.

In a new book on "The Ocean" Mr. A. Hyatt Verrill attributes some of the sea-serpent stories to the occasional appearance of the strange "ribbon-fish." This is supposed to be an inhabitant of great depths and to appear on the surface of the sea only when injured. "One individual, nearly twenty feet in length," he says, "lashed itself upon a beach in Bermuda and was seen swimming in loops or convolutions, exactly as the sea-serpent is described as swimming by those who have said they saw this sea monster."

Mr. Verrill makes a pleasant prediction as to the possibilities of submarines when the end of the war has made their destructive uses obsolete. No submarine has yet been built, he says, which can approach Jules Verne's "Nautilus," but "the time may yet come when great passenger ships will cross and recross the oceans beneath the surface of the sea and far below the reach of storms and waves." The treasures of the countless wrecks that cover the ocean's bed may then be reclaimed.

Exports from the port of New York for the first week in April were the largest in its history, so a commercial exchange reports. They amounted to nearly \$79,000,000, as compared with about \$25,000,000 in 1915 and \$21,000,000 in 1914 for the corresponding weeks. The United States now leads the world in the export of manufactures.

The celebrated Fragonard panels of the Morgan collection, lately sold to a dealer for, it is believed, a million dollars, had their inception, it is said, in the lavish expenditures of the Countess du Barry. They were designed for

her château at Louveciennes, but never adorned it, owing to a dispute between the painter and the King's favorite. Mme. du Barry, notwithstanding her lowly origin, was extremely critical in matters of art, and was dissatisfied with these pictures, which are among the greatest prizes of the connoisseurs of to-day.

Actors are supposed to have good memories and to be able to recite their lines verbatim. So famous an actress as Ellen Terry, however, is said to have occasionally created consternation by her impromptu speeches to take the place of lines she had forgotten. J. H. Barnes, in his "Reminiscences of the Stage," says that after one of Miss Terry's improvisations in a rehearsal of "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," Bernard Shaw, the author, said, good-humoredly, "That isn't what I wrote, but I dare say it's much better."

Apropos of the difficulty that salesmen often experience in getting interviews with important (or self-important) officials, the story is told that "Diamond Jim" Brady, a salesman addicted to spectacular practices for obtaining attention, was wont, in calling upon certain railway officials to solicit a big order for equipment, to tear a hundred-dollar bill in two as his card, sending one half in to the official by the office boy with the laconic message that the other half was waiting in the outer office. This "card" was never known to fail to meet an instant response.

Ralph A. Blakelock, the artist, who has been in the insane asylum at Middletown, New York, for seventeen years, was recently brought to New York City by his physicians to see an exhibition of his own pictures, which have become famous. On this trip he had his first ride in an automobile, and the changed city, with its sky-scrapers, its transformed Fifth Avenue, its great terminal railway stations, and its subways, roused his wonderment and enthusiasm.

A ship captain, reminded of an experience by a recent note in this department, writes that a naïve young woman visitor to his vessel asked him how ships at sea were managed in a storm—was not the safest thing always to anchor them? The fact that an anchor has to reach bottom to be of any use had not occurred to her.

Satirizing the daily journals that give platitudinous advice to sentimental readers, the "Harvard Lampoon" prints this question and answer in its "Advice to the Lovelorn:"

A certain girl I know is very fond of me. I like another girl who does not care for me but likes a man who likes the girl who likes me but does not care for him. Should I become a bachelor or not get married? EDWARD E.

Answer: Very good, Ed E. The best thing for you to do is to use good judgment. So many of the unfortunate marriages of to-day are caused by the lack of good judgment. Think this over and then act.

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